

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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WHO WAS KASPAR HAUSER?

See
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Two

LIKE ROBERT BRUCE'S SPIDER THE BEAVERS AND THE C.P.R.

**Holding Up the Trains Across
the Great Dominion**

A CANADIAN COMEDY

There are beavers in Canada intent on beating the record of Bruce's spider.

That resolute insect, after nine disasters, was seen by the imprisoned monarch to take its courage and its silken thread in its grasp and make another and a successful effort to regain its home. The beavers of the dam at Pyramid Lake, near Jasper in Alberta, have five times seen their dam ruined but are still building.

Like the spider which Robert Bruce watched with such admiration trying, trying, trying again, the beavers seem to have selected a rather inconvenient place for their home. They built the dam across the channel through which the river springing from the lake runs.

Why the Water Rose

They made such a thorough job of it that people who came to fishing bungalows on the sides of the lake noticed last spring that the level of the water was rising. In a channel of the lake which runs under the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway it rose so high that the track was flooded.

Inspectors got upon the track, and the trouble was traced to the beavers. They had dammed the outlet of the lake to make deep water for themselves. In the province of Alberta there are game wardens to protect wild creatures, and Canadians have a soft spot for the beaver, whose industry and grit make it a national emblem. The game warden at Jasper gave the beavers all his sympathy, but what could he do? They could not be permitted to hold up the trans-continental express. So very sadly he consented to blow up their dam.

A Drawn Battle

He supposed that this action, bordering on a hint, might induce the beavers to find another site for their dam. Not a bit of it. The beavers were a little surprised, but certain that the mistake was not theirs, they set to work with tooth and claw to build it up again.

Once again the game warden, representative of law and order, blew it up. Water poured through, and the beavers saw with mild surprise that they had to begin over again. Five times the forces of civilisation have exploded their dam. Five times they have built it up again.

At present it is a drawn battle. The beavers are again rebuilding. Are their tails down? Never! Winter is coming on. They are still damming the flowing tide. It may be that they believe the C.P. Railway will have to divert the trains. They have already been more successful than the cow mentioned to George Stephenson.

Riding Across America



A spirited girl is riding on horseback across America from New York to Los Angeles, in California, and here we see her in front of the Capitol in Washington, where she has arrived to shake hands with President Coolidge

AN OLD MAN VERY LONELY

Poor old John Taylor is left alone. He is 103, and he lives at Green Street Green, near Farnborough in Kent. His wife Sophia has just died. She was also 103. It is believed they were the oldest married couple in England.

Sophia had not been very well for some time, and in the end she died, as John feared she would, of old age. He was ever so little proud to think that he had survived her, but at the same time he felt very lonely. He liked to talk to Sophia about the old days; she was the only one to whom he could say "Do you remember?" when he was speaking of a trifle of nearly seventy years ago. It was no good asking "the children," for even the eldest is only 65.

John and Sophia were married in London 66 years ago. Sophia was a Sussex woman, but John is a Londoner

born and bred. He remembers London streets lighted by oil lamps. City men rode in on horseback to their work, or walked, or drove in a coach. The policemen wore tall hats and white trousers, and were grand men altogether, John says.

There was one glorious hour in John's life. He was working on the building of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park when all London was getting excited about the Great Exhibition of 1851. One day Queen Victoria came along to see how the work was getting on, and John, very flustered and proud, had to lay down a plank for her to walk on. He felt more honoured than Raleigh when Elizabeth walked on his cloak, and he told Sophia about it—she couldn't think how many times. Poor John! He won't be able to tell her again, and talking to the children is not quite the same.

CHARLES IS NO MORE A BIRD WITH A HISTORY

**The Exciting Moment it Lived
Through During the War**

TRAVELS IN A POCKET

We regret to announce the death of Charles, a bird aristocrat who nearly lost his life in the Great War.

We cannot claim him as a war hero, however, for he spent most of the time in hiding. But that was not his fault.

In 1912 Charles was shown at the Crystal Palace by Sir Frank Warner, and such was his beauty that a Frenchman offered £100 for him. Shortly afterwards Charles crossed the Channel and took up his abode in Roubaix. His new owner was M. Felix Vanoutryve, a manufacturer of print and velvet.

An Adventure in Roubaix

When the war broke out M. Vanoutryve was called up by the French Army, and he asked an English friend who lived in the town and was a pigeon expert to take care of Charles.

This gentleman, Mr. G. W. Richardson, lightly promised to keep the bird safe and sound, but a few weeks later the Germans marched into Roubaix and imposed several regulations on the townfolk. Among other things they forbade the keeping of homing pigeons under penalty of death.

Mr. Richardson would have killed Charles if he had put safety first, but because of his promise he would not do that. So he used to carry Charles about wrapped in newspaper in his pocket, and a miserable life they both led during the German occupation.

One day when Charles had been left in a piece of sacking upstairs there was a clatter of military boots at the door, and a party of German soldiers arrived.

The Agony of Suspense

"They have heard of the pigeon," thought Mr. Richardson; "they have come to make a search, and if they find him I shall be shot as a spy!"

He dashed upstairs to hide Charles better, and found him gone. In an agony of suspense he went down to face the soldiers. But they only wanted to find a billet for an officer, and left after inspecting the downstairs rooms. As soon as they had gone Mr. Richardson found Charles walking about the bedroom landing. Had he fluttered downstairs all would have been lost.

Plans had been made to show Charles at the Crystal Palace this year, but he fell ill during his moult, and now, alas! he is dead.

RAILWAY BATHROOMS

One of the big railway companies in France has arranged to fit up bathrooms with all modern comforts at its terminus station in Paris. Weary travellers who are only passing through the gay capital on their way to some other destination will be thankful for the facilities so conveniently afforded them.

KASPAR HAUSER A RIDDLE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD

The Bottle Found in the Rhine
the Year After Waterloo
HAS THE MYSTERY BEEN
SOLVED?

A hundred-years-old riddle has apparently been solved at last by the chief of the Leipzig police.

More than a century ago, in 1816, a fisherman on the Rhine found in his net a sealed bottle containing this letter in Latin: "To all who may read this: I am a captive in the neighbourhood of Lâufenburg on the Rhine. In my subterranean dungeon I have been forgotten by all, even by him who robbed me of my throne. Grievously ill as I am, I can say no more."



Kaspar Hauser

The message was signed with an outlandish name whose anagram read "his son Kaspar." Its publication in the papers made a considerable stir, but as no clue was forthcoming to explain the mystery it was soon forgotten, till a new event occurred which revived the public interest in it.

In 1828 there appeared in the streets of Nuremberg a young lad dressed as a peasant, who seemed unable to speak coherently, but kept repeating, parrot-wise, a sentence he seemed to have learned by heart: "I want to be a cavalry officer like my father."

A Mysterious Letter

He had on him a letter which said that he was born on April 30, 1812, that his name was Kaspar, and that his father, who had been a cavalry officer in a Nuremberg regiment, was dead.

There were many signs to show that he had been kept in close confinement for many years, perhaps all his life. He seemed unable to give an account of himself, could neither read nor write anything except his name, Kaspar Hauser. He showed a strong repugnance to all food but bread and water, and seemed ignorant of all outward objects.

Naturally, he excited a good deal of interest, and there were those who, remembering the letter fished out of the Rhine, were struck by the similarity of the name. Later, when the youth had learned to talk, he was asked whether it was he who had written the letter, but he denied all knowledge of it.

Soon a third incident occurred to deepen people's sense of mystery. One day Kaspar Hauser was found with a wound which he said had been inflicted by a man with a blackened face, but no trace of this man could be found.

Hidden Hands at Work

Fortunately there were men imaginative enough to realise that there must be hidden hands at work; one of these men was an English nobleman, Earl Stanhope, who saw the lad and became so interested in his story that he had Kaspar Hauser transferred to Anspach, to be educated in the house of a schoolmaster. Another friend made it his business to penetrate the mystery lying behind his strange case, at the same time giving the boy employment in his own offices. These precautions proved fruitless, however, for in 1833 Kaspar was once more set upon, and was so severely wounded that he died.

After his death a storm of controversy arose, pamphlets being printed to prove that he had been an adventurer and a fraud, while other writers maintained that he must have been the offspring of some great house, perhaps even heir to a throne, who had been put

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN The Automatic Telephone

So many impatient people have mis-handled the telephone in the past that it is no wonder the first days of the automatic telephone in London should have been days of confusion. In country towns like Portsmouth people have become used to twirling a dial to call a number for themselves instead of asking the Exchange for it, and perhaps they have more time.

But in London there are more than half a million telephones to call up the 7,000,000 people who live within reach of their call. What a Babel it would be if all the voices speaking across the wires could be heard at once; and what a mechanical miracle it is which arranges that, in the space of minutes or seconds, the voices can be separated!

Helping Ourselves

So patience with the automatic telephone! It is a little perplexing at first, with its letters and numbers to pick out, and at present it seems to be so much less easy to find Ken 5230 for oneself than to ask the unseen operator at the Exchange to do it for us. But how much more difficult was the employment of the telephone at all when London first tried it! There are people still living who approach it as if it were something that would bite.

The automatic telephone will never do that. It leaves it to ourselves, and to ourselves alone. It is, at one and the same time, another step on the road to doing everything by machinery in this Age of Machines and a step toward doing things for ourselves instead of leaving it to others. Pictures on page 3

DOBBIN GOES HOME A Horse in a Thousand

Dobbin, a van horse belonging to the Southern Railway, is well spoken of in the City.

He has been complimented by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen have looked at him with admiration, and Common Councillors have held him up as a horse out of the common.

It fell out in this way. Dobbin was left in the Company's yard at Holborn Viaduct while the vanman went to supper. A thoughtful driver, he left Dobbin's nosebag on so that he too might have his supper. But as time went on the horse, reflecting that it was getting late and that the eight-hour day was well past, looked about him and concluded that it was time to go home.

So he carefully made his way out of the narrow opening of the yard and sedately turned down the Old Bailey, seeking his stable across the river.

A well-conducted horse, he picked his way without accident through the cross traffic, and would have found his way home without fail had he not been stopped by a policeman and the Statute of 1839, which forbids the most intelligent animal to go about without a driver.

But so impressed was the Lord Mayor by Dobbin's discretion that he wonderingly asked whether the Company had any more like him, and would not impose a fine on anyone. Dobbin ought to go in the next Lord Mayor's Show.

Continued from previous column

out of the way by those who wanted his inheritance.

Now these suspicions appear to have been verified by a Leipzig police inspector. According to him, Kaspar Hauser was the second of the two baby sons of Charles, Grand Duke of Baden, both of whom were supposed to have died in their infancy. He had been kidnapped, a dead baby being substituted in his place.

The letter found in the bottle was evidently written by some priest who knew of the secret and, not daring to disclose it, satisfied his conscience by committing it to the Rhine.

TROTSKY TELLS THE TRUTH

WHAT THINGS ARE
REALLY LIKE IN RUSSIA

The Great Friend of Lenin
Thrown Out of His Party

TWO MILLION MEN WITH
HALF-A-CROWN A WEEK

It is the instinct of all tyrannies to suppress criticism, but the task has become much more difficult than it used to be.

In Russia Lenin's old colleague Trotsky has been causing a lot of trouble to the present dictator, Stalin. A friend of Lenin was difficult to deal with; he could not well be put to death or kept in prison. He has, however, been denied the use of the printing-press in Russia, and now he has been solemnly expelled from membership of the Party which is in power.

But there are printing-presses outside Russia, and Trotsky used them while he had his freedom. This is very annoying for Stalin, because he is particularly anxious that foreigners should think Bolshevik rule an unqualified success. Whether it would be more successful at this stage under Trotsky than under Stalin may well be doubted, but Trotsky makes its failure under Stalin very clear.

Hard Lot of the Workers

To begin with, it has indulged in a wholesale abandonment of its own ideals. More than 50 per cent of the purchases of the common people have been manufactured by private capital. Moreover, while the town worker's taxes were doubled last year, those of his richer neighbours fell by six per cent. There are two million unemployed on a dole of half-a-crown a week.

In the country, though the peasant receives only 25 per cent more for his produce than before the war, he must pay more than twice as much for the manufactured goods he buys. Nevertheless a peasant aristocracy is growing up for whom agricultural labourers have to work at less than their pre-war wage and for unlimited hours.

How Disputes are Settled

In the factories the workers are so little cared for that disabling accidents occurred last year to one in every ten. Industrial disputes have grown enormously, and are settled by compulsion. The workers were never so far removed from the management of their industry under this so-called dictatorship of the proletariat as they are today.

The men either stay away from the works councils or attend them in silence. "We must not be too active," they say. "If one wants to earn a morsel of bread one must keep one's mouth shut." That is to say, if a man opens his mouth the Bolsheviks will put nothing in it.

THE ORPHAN BOY OF LONDON

Becomes Lord Mayor of Cardiff

An orphan boy from East London, Alderman A. J. Howell, has become Lord Mayor of Cardiff.

He lived with his uncle in Cubitt Town, one of a large family, and often had to tighten his belt, for money was scarce. He was ten when they moved to Cardiff. He got work under a builder at a shilling a week. Now he controls great paper mills.

Under his chairmanship the Cardiff Housing Committee has built 3000 workmen's dwellings, and Mr. Howell attributes part of his success in this work to what he learned from the builders when Cardiff gave him his start in life.

THE JUST MAN OF UR Guardians of the Buried Treasure

SHEIK MUNSHID AND HIS
FAITHFUL FOUR

Ur of the Chaldees, the rich city which Abraham knew and left at the bidding of his God, is no longer even a poor little city, but only mounds upon the Mesopotamian plain, where Mr. Leonard Woolley, of the British Museum, and other learned archaeologists from Philadelphia, dig down for relics of Ur's former greatness.

The excavators have lately begun again, having left off in the spring just after they had found treasure of exceeding richness: a gold dagger richly engraved, a gold adze and spear. Surely this must be the tomb of one of the princes of Ur.

Poor Arab Tribe

They were reluctant to leave their find. This land which was once rich is now poor. The streets which were filled with merchants and money-changers are empty. None lives thereabouts save only a few Arabs, desperately poor. What a temptation to them the knowledge that at their feet lay buried gold and treasure!

But in Ur there lives still a just man, such a man as Abraham would have loved. He is Sheik Munshid, head of that poor tribe of Arabs whose forefathers were lords in Ur. To him the archaeologists from a far country confided the charge of the precious grave; and their trust was not in vain.

Sheik Munshid set his four trusted men to guard the tomb during the burning months of summer, when the excavators' work had perforce to cease. They guarded it well and faithfully, for lo! when Mr. Woolley and Father Burrows returned this autumn all was as they had left it.

Greater Than Treasure

Nothing had been touched, though almost at the first spade-full the prize that would have rewarded a plunderer was apparent. A large and heavy gold tassel rolled out. Since then hundreds of gold beads and pendants, gold and silver earrings, beads of carnelian and lapis lazuli, miracles of stone-cutting, have been found, for this was the tomb or the repository of one of those Great Ones who lived in Ur five thousand years ago.

Great is the treasure, but greater still the honour of the tribe of which Sheik Munshid is the chief. Honesty is the custom of the tribe.

THINGS SAID

A battle has ceased to inspire the poet
M. Émile Cammaerts

Lots of people buy cars without money.
Mr. Justice Bateson

Bluebeard should never be allowed in a nursery.
Dr. C. W. Kimmins

I always find that an English boy is a truthful witness.
Judge Snagge

Most greengrocers think California is in the Empire. *Witness at a Trade Inquiry*
Our schools spend too little money on books.

President of the Board of Education
You can't have too many rich men, and it is easy to have too many poor.
Lord Balfour

I hope he doesn't see I haven't washed up the tea-things.
Old lady visited by the Prince

It requires a man in full vigour to do anything so strenuous as to retire.
The Archbishop of York

A Prime Minister used to say that if we listened to the experts we should have to fortify the Moon against a possible attack from Mars. *The Spectator*

THE MIND AT THE WHEEL

Finding How Quickly It Works

INGENIOUS MOTORING TESTS

A London magistrate, commenting bitterly on the sadness and stupidity of a motor accident due to careless driving, said that every driver should pass an examination in health, fitness, and judgment.

The United States Bureau of Standards has worked out an ingenious method of testing drivers. Two revolvers are fixed beneath a car, both loaded with red lead, which will make a distinct mark on the surface of the highway.

A person accompanying the driver fires one of the revolvers, and the driver is supposed to apply his brakes instantly. The firing of this revolver makes a red mark on the highway surface; and the application of the brakes fires the second revolver, which also makes a red mark on the road. To determine the reaction time the distance in feet between the two red spots on the surface of the road is divided by the speed in feet a second at which the machine was going when the revolvers were discharged.

Age and Reaction

The average reaction time for a large number of persons tested was found to be slightly more than half a second. In other words, the driver travelling at a rate of thirty miles an hour will go approximately 22 feet after hearing the first gun before he begins to apply the brakes. The time required to cover these 22 feet is reaction time.

The investigators who conducted these tests found that practically no relation seems to exist between reaction time and the age of the individual. They also found that the reaction times of women were not radically different from those of men. There did seem to be, however, a relation between reaction time and general intelligence. Persons having high intelligence seemed to have a marked tendency toward short reaction time.

THE B.B.C. HANDBOOK

What the Listener-In Wants to Know

The B.B.C. Handbook was bound to come, and it is going to be an old friend. It is crammed with just those things the listener-in will love to read when he is not listening-in.

We have been particularly interested in one or two facts. We gather that out of 1500 SOS calls in a year 600 succeeded, and that messages found people in places as far away as the Sahara, Persia, and Australia. We gather, also, that the amount raised by charity appeals averages about £500 a week. Over 50,000 tried to solve a radio drama mystery in one of the programmes, and a thousand children a week wrote to London and Daventry about the Children's Hour programmes.

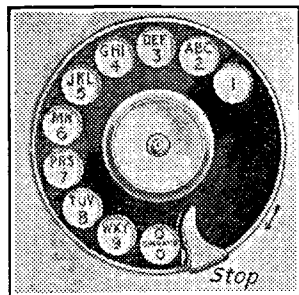
The book has a bright red cover, and will be immensely popular. We suggest that next year's handbook, instead of having the title of the book at the top of every page, should have running headings on each page describing the contents. We do not need to be told 500 times that this is the B.B.C. Handbook, and the page heading has a great value to readers.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

An engraving by Albert Dürer . . .	£1175
A panel of Soho tapestry . . .	£1050
A manuscript of about 1300 . . .	£990
Pair of triangular Cape stamps . . .	£680
3 etchings by Van Dyck . . .	£670
A needlework picture . . .	£199
A small Italian bronze figure . . .	£130
12 canvas panels (17th century) . . .	£110

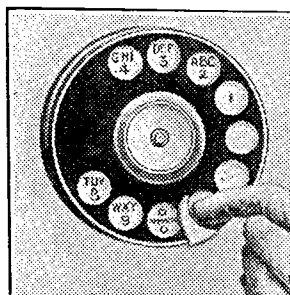
THE TELEPHONE THAT WORKS ITSELF



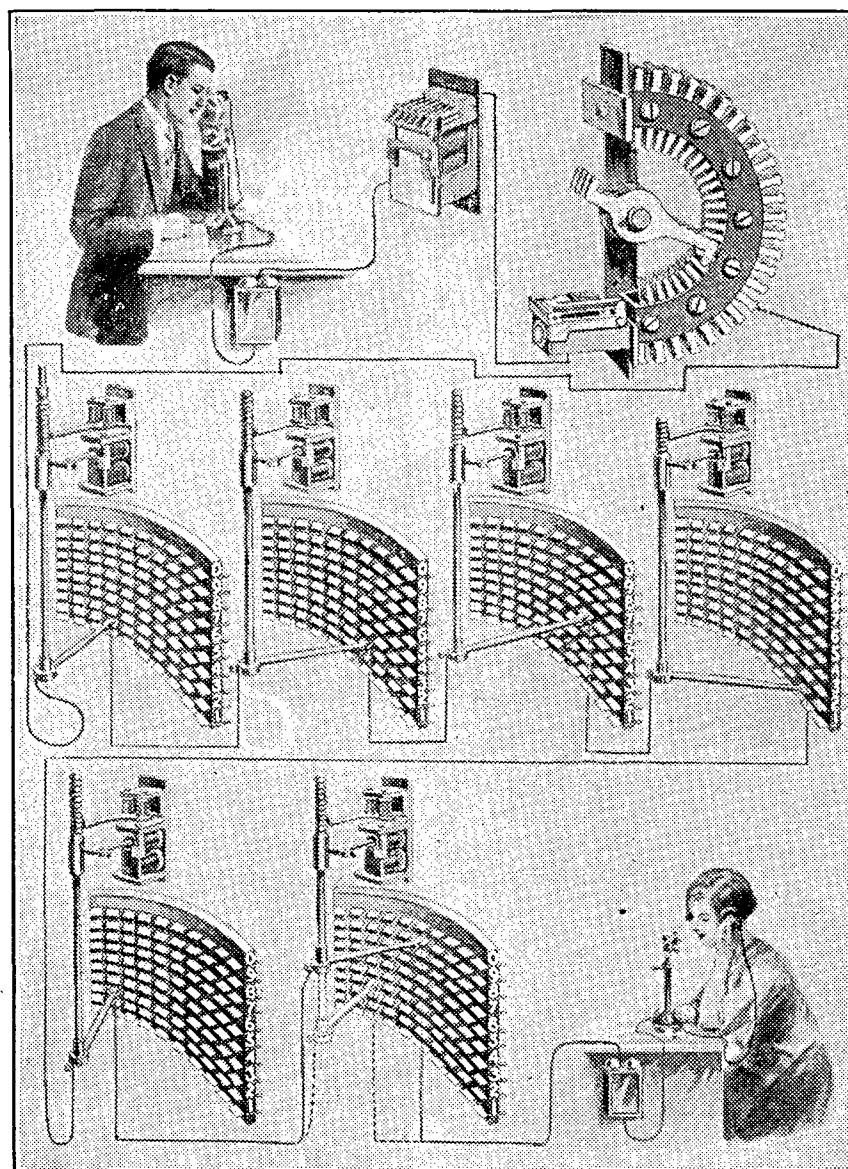
The ten sets of letters and figures



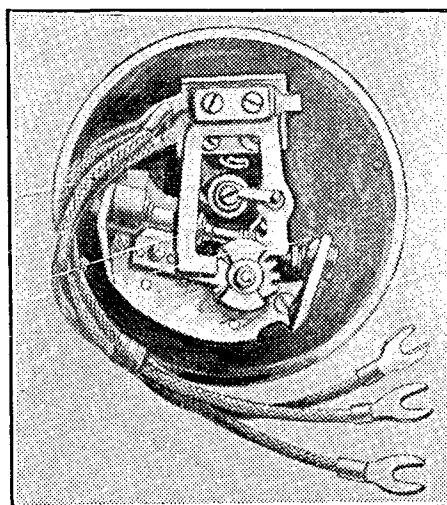
Position of the dial on the telephone



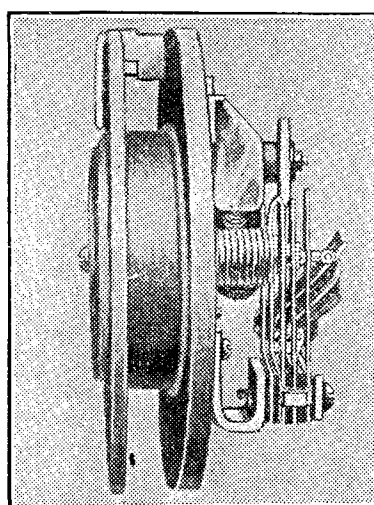
The whole dial turns till the finger reaches the stop



Every subscriber has a Line Switch, shown here in the top right-hand corner. When the receiver is lifted the Line Switch moves round till it finds what is called a Selector disengaged. These Selectors establish contact by means of the small metal plates corresponding with the letters or figures. This subscriber is calling CEN 2349. He turns the dial seven times, once for each letter or figure, and each time causes a corresponding electric impulse at the Exchange. There are ten rows of contacts, corresponding with the ten spots on the dial. C, being on the second spot, works the Selector in the second row upward. The Selector moves along till it finds a contact free. So the Selectors run along the rows (the last working two contacts) till the seven impulses are complete at the Exchange, when connection is established.



Two views of the mechanism in the dial



The automatic telephone is now working in Holborn Exchange, London, enabling subscribers to link themselves up without the aid of a human operator. See page 2

NATURE AND HER LITTLE ONES

HELPING THEM ALONG

The Ministry of Fisheries Studies the Little Trout

ROAD TAR AND FISHES

A very interesting fact, well known to naturalists, has created a good deal of interest in a report of the Ministry of Fisheries, which has been experimenting with baby trout at the research station at Alresford.

The experiments were concerned with the effects of tar washed from the roads into our rivers and streams, the particular purpose being to find out how the tar kills the trout whose streams it enters. It appears that the tar acts chiefly on the nervous system of the fish, but the interesting thing for the non-expert is that the baby trout faces the peril so gallantly.

A Grand Law

Adult trout placed in water affected by tar die if left there more than a quarter of an hour, whereas trout 66 days old can survive an ordeal of two hours, and real babies, trout of a day or so, bear the poisonous discomfort for over 20 hours and revive completely when transferred to pure water.

That is remarkable, but not so strange as some of the grown-up papers imagine. There is a grand law in Nature which gives infant life a chance to win its place in the world and to the sick a hope of holding out. A human baby can live for three days without food. It actually loses weight at first, being less at the end of its first week of life than at the outset of its life.

It bears at first a deficiency in oxygen that later in life would be fatal to it. Warmth and care and comfort are, of course, essential, yet for all that we are stout little fellows when we begin our career, and not easily to be put out of our course if reasonably treated.

Seed Vitality

The same benevolent law spreads a sheltering shield over lowlier forms of life. Consider the incredible hardships and poverty that seeds overcome in growing out of the stony earth; the frog which, with barely time for a mouthful since quitting the tadpole stage, is called upon to submerge in the muddy bottom of a pond and there fast, breathless, for six months; the tuatera hibernating for months in its egg actually before it has been born.

This, however, is a negative sort of fortitude, and mere natural reaction to inevitable causes. Different is the case where danger for the young is artificially created, as in the case of the baby trout in their bath of dilute poison. If a full-grown dog is submitted to drowning death overtakes it in one and a half minutes, but a new-born puppy has been known to bear immersion in the same way for 50 minutes.

Recovery After Injury

It seems to be the case that Nature does not too early force instinctive recognition upon baby life, but lets certain faculties sleep on awhile, as in the egg. The chicken needs no food for 24 hours; the newly-hatched tadpole and fish can go still longer, sustained by nourishment unconsumed in the egg. And the young can recover, recuperate, and rebuild after injury in a way that astounds the grown-ups.

To triumph over adversity is, then, by no means the right and gift of baby trout alone.

THE EXCITEMENTS OF A FEW DAYS LIFE AMONG THE WILD THINGS

The Little Fox Terrier That
Escaped From Two Crocodiles

EXPERIENCE OF TWO TRAVELLERS

Crocodiles are evidently not familiar with Aesop's Fables.

Some people went fishing on the banks of the Lundi in the Victoria district of Rhodesia, and a fox terrier who accompanied them went to the river to drink. Up came a hideous head, and down went the unfortunate dog, seized by a crocodile.

His horrified master thought he had seen the last of the poor dog, but deliverance came from a strange quarter. A second crocodile appeared in the swirling waters and tried to snatch the dog from the first one. While the two monsters snapped at one another the dog got away. It was badly cut, but not mortally wounded, and it will probably never drink out of anything except a shallow bowl in future. No doubt the crocodiles are also making good resolutions.

On a Lonely Part of the Road

A motor-cyclist had almost as narrow an escape when he was returning from Victoria Falls to Bulawayo.

He had a sidecar which was rattling, and stopped to tighten the connections. It was a lonely part of the road, and no living thing was in sight. But four eyes were watching through a patch of scrub. Presently there was a slight sound, and, looking up, the cyclist saw two lions slowly stalking toward him.

The cyclist was unarmed, and, as for flight, he could not have got up speed quickly enough to escape, but he had the presence of mind to start up the engine and raise the valve lifter so as to cause a back-fire. Whether the lions knew the meaning of a rifle-shot and mistook the back-firing for that, or whether they were simply startled by the sudden noise, we cannot tell, but they fled into the scrub.

Mr. F. V. Kirby, a game warden in a Zululand reserve, has had an equally unpleasant adventure.

He was journeying to the loneliest part of the reserve with a big camera in the hope of photographing a white rhinoceros, and was passing through a dense piece of bush when a buffalo came crashing at him.

Buffalo and Elephant

The buffalo is as savage as any meat-eating wild beast, in spite of its vegetarian diet; even the tiger fears it, and the bull buffalo is said to be able to overthrow an elephant. It is no wonder that Mr. Kirby was hurled 20 feet to one side and severely injured by the monster's charge.

Then it turned to attack again, and the man made sure he was going to die by those terrible horns. But the animal chanced to notice the camera, and, the sight seeming to put the man out of its mind, the fierce beast charged at the camera instead, trampling it to pieces and leaving the injured man to crawl to the nearest lodge.

All these things happened within a few days of one another. How very dull English roads, woods, and rivers would seem to an African traveller!

Pronunciations in This Paper

Chaldees	Kal-deez
Giotto	Jot-to
Indigirka	Eend-ye-geer-kah
Marennès	Mah-ren
Riga	Re-gah
Roubaix	Roo-bay
Santiago	Sahn-te-ah-go

Monte Carlos Everywhere MANCHESTER'S STRIKING LEAD TO ENGLAND

The Great Peril Now Growing Up
Around the Greyhound Gambling Tracks

THE SORDID SIDE OF THE PLEASURES OF THE PEOPLE

Proud Lancashire has an old saying that what Manchester thinks today England will think tomorrow.

We all hope it will prove true once again, for Manchester, the cradle of greyhound racing, has sounded a note which might, if England would follow it, make Manchester also the grave of this new peril in the nation's life. In view of the immense development of greyhound racing it should be understood everywhere that it is in no sense a true sport, but in every sense a gambling business, likely to set up a far worse place than Monte Carlo in every one of our great towns.

Temptation to Thousands

Monte Carlo is a place where a few stupid rich people lose their money. They can afford to lose it, and their lives are not of great importance to the world. But the greyhound racecourse draws together the worst elements of the population, and tempts to mix with these worst elements thousands of respectable young people, who begin in this bad company to practise the gospel of getting something for nothing. The greyhound racecourse lowers the status of every town that has it and of all who visit it. Poor people in the vicinity of a race-track are frequently deprived of the necessities of life.

It was Manchester which first thought to lay out a track on which greyhounds could course an electric hare. In a year all England seemed to have, or to be wanting, similar courses. People who share the C.N.'s admiration for sport with which no cruelty is associated welcomed the novelty, because it promised excitement without the horror of a poor hunted thing.

Appeal to the Home Secretary

But Manchester discovered that the new sport was not a sport at all, but was being conducted purely in the interests of gambling, that her track became the habitual haunt of bookmakers and people who went simply to bet. So the Watch Committee have set their face against dog racing, and have called upon the Home Secretary to declare betting at such gatherings illegal.

It might seem that Manchester's good lead inspired the conscience of a more widespread community, for there followed the prosecution in London of the Greyhound Racing Association and of a bookmaking frequenter, and the conviction of both for betting on greyhound racing.

Many people have been wondering how the double conviction affects the situation. It means, not that betting is illegal, but that the keeping of a regular place for betting is illegal. The Association kept and used the White City Stadium for the purpose of betting and the bookmaker habitually plied his trade in one settled place. It would be lawful for casual betting to be permitted, but it is not lawful to allot definite places in the building to each of which bookmakers go regularly.

The Betting Problem

There were over 1000 bookmakers at each race-meeting at the White City, and each had his own post, as a man has an office or a shop for legitimate trade. The six races which compose the programme last less than four minutes; the remainder of the two hours has been devoted to betting.

Apparently the betting can still lawfully continue if the bookmakers change

their positions from day to day and do not go to established posts. The police, who were always present in force and regularly witnessed what the court decided was a breach of law, did not bring the prosecution; that was left to a private body, the Anti-Gambling League, who say that they intend to test the question further.

The whole matter of betting in this country is in a curious position. Betting on a course in an established, fixed position is an offence; but the multitudes of bookmakers who occupy temporary positions in enclosures are acting within the law. Moreover the Betting Tax clearly gives sanction to gambling carried out in such a manner as permits the law to close its eyes to the existence of the evil.

The Totalisator

Bookmakers cried out for years for the imposition of this tax, expecting that it would legalise their position; yet when it came they went on strike as a protest against it. That very day it became apparent that the Totalisator would eventually be introduced on the racecourses of England.

The Totalisator is an electrically governed machine which receives money in wagers, automatically totals its stakes, and works out the sums due to those who win. A percentage of the takings is deducted by the proprietors and a percentage for Government tax; the remainder is divided among the backers of the successful horses.

There is much to be said for the Totalisator if betting is to be tolerated; it cannot swindle and it cannot lie. Even so, however, one cannot without a sense of shame coolly analyse a gambling system, as if it were a subject in which a high civilisation can take any pride. It is utterly bad, unhealthy, demoralising; ranking with Drink as the chief enemy of the community.

Betting Easier Than Working

As one of our magistrates said the other day, the hope of the gamblers is to get something for nothing. A man's wages, his insurance money, the woman's housekeeping money, the boy's pocket-money, are all tapped and bled for this mad attempt to get something out of somebody and give nothing in return. Betting is easier than working.

The morality of enormous numbers of our people, young and old, is being undermined by this evil. Temptations to bet are everywhere, in clubs, in public-houses, in shops, in the streets. Men in responsible positions who cannot afford the poisonous luxury bet and lose, embezzle to make good their losses, and find themselves in prison, ruined. Their lead is followed by their subordinates, down to girls and boys in offices, factories, warehouses, shops.

Sport That Leads to Ruin

Betting has spread through all classes; it is like a gigantic octopus whose malignant tentacles extend in all directions, steadily sapping the health and vigour of our moral fibre. Its followers call it Sport; when situation, home, honour, and liberty are lost they recognise it as Ruin.

Manchester did ill to give us the course for the electric hare, though we thought she was doing well for humane sport. If she can now lead the nation along the way to wipe out gambling she will render the nation an immortal service.

OUR FRIEND IN THE FABLES

The Clever Fox

89 BRITISHERS ON SHOW

Will English-born elephants be the next animals to have a show of their own at the Crystal Palace?

We are thinking of the show of silver foxes which has just taken place. Every fox had to be born in the British Isles, and 89 animals were entered.

Yet this rare and beautiful fox is a native of North America. Its glossy black pelt with silver-tipped hairs is the most valuable of all fox furs, and even in pre-war days £480 would be paid for a pair. The trappers would soon have killed off the whole species, so men began to breed the foxes in captivity across the Atlantic, and now there are at least thirteen silver fox farms in the British Isles as well.

Wild animals often suffer terribly when they are caught in gins, sometimes starving to death before they are found, or else being torn to pieces by another animal while they are powerless to defend themselves. At least the silver foxes bred in captivity would be painlessly killed.

The Instinct of the Wild

Yet it will be a good thing when women give up wearing bits of dead animal round their necks altogether, for no animal with the instinct of the wild in him can be really happy in captivity.

The fox is a lovable creature, faithful to one mate, brave in defence of its cubs, playful as a kitten in youth, and perhaps more intelligent than any other beast when full-grown. It will sham dead to avoid an enemy, and it will lay by food for the lean season.

Because of its well-known intelligence the fox has always been shown as a very cunning character in old fables and in romances like that famous medieval epic Reynard the Fox. But cunning is a hard word for the fox's cleverness. An American once gave a definition of *strategy* in these words: "When practised by Indians it is called treachery." Reynard and the Redskin have both been slandered in the same way!

TWO OLD FOLK

And What They Remembered

An old lady who was present at the coronation of Queen Victoria has just passed away.

She was Miss Polly Yorath, and was 94. Of two things she was very proud: she had known Charles Dickens, and her skill had earned her the appointment of gold embroiderer to Queen Victoria.

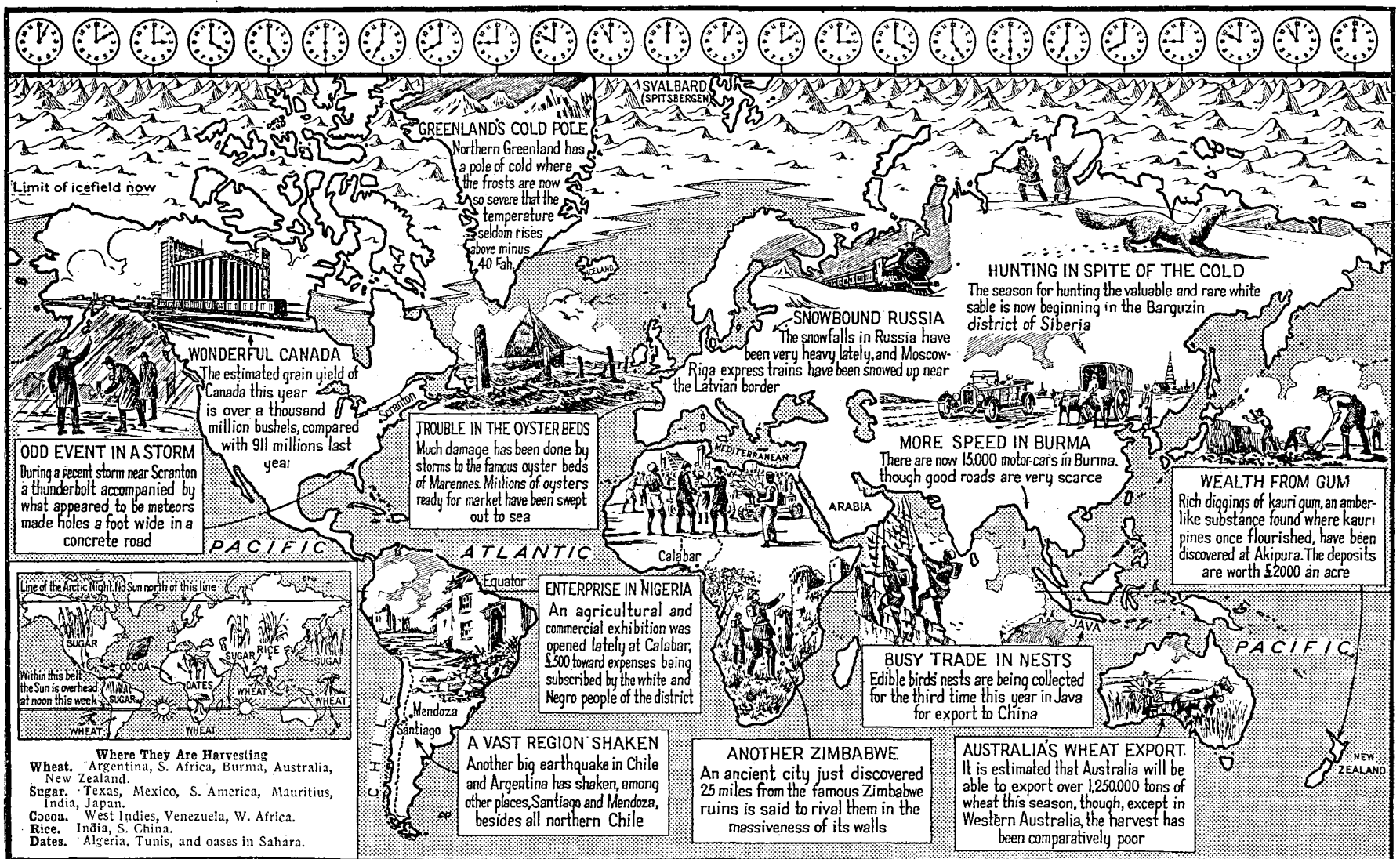
Another link with the past was snapped when Mr. William Roberts died, at 92. He fought in the Indian Mutiny, and afterwards, having joined the police, was in charge of a squad during the Chartist Riots in Hyde Park.

The Chartist Movement seems very far away, and it did, in fact, begin before the French Revolution. Its aim was to secure certain reforms which were set forth in a document called the People's Charter, but some of its leaders used foolish and violent language, and so the movement seemed to be tainted with treason. There were one or two disturbances, and the whole thing came to a head in 1848, when the leaders announced that half a million men would march to the House of Commons and present a petition. Troops were called out under the Duke of Wellington, the Bank of England was put into a state of defence, and thousands of special constables were enrolled. It was feared revolution was at hand.

But, after all, only about 30,000 Chartists assembled, and they presented their petition and quietly dispersed.

Chartism died out soon afterwards, but its ideals were pursued by other parties, and now nearly all the reforms it sought have been granted.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



OUR WILLIE MEETS A SHARK

Unwilling Channel Swimmer

Our Willie, which is a fishing smack of wide experience, having fished the Channel for years, and once having escorted a Channel swimmer, had the most exciting adventure of its career off Dungeness, where it met a shark.

The meeting was not sought by Our Willie. On the contrary, the smack was merely expecting herrings, and when its fishermen saw the floats of the nets go under water like a flash they supposed they had the biggest catch of the week.

So they had, but the catch was a shark over eight feet long, which struck out so furiously with its tail when the net was hauled in that it broke a rope. The fishermen, after one glance at it, decided that there was no room for it on board. There was nothing to do but to tow it, nets and all, into Folkestone. So the shark was taken ashore.

That is nearly the end of the story. The shark was afterwards sent back to France to be sold as food.

The fishermen would have been only too glad to let it go, but a shark is not welcome anywhere, and it destroys much more than its share of herrings and other food fish. So it was as well that it ended as food for the French.

THE CHANNEL CYCLIST

Queer Achievement

The Channel has been swum and flown; now it has been cycled.

A young Parisian named René Savard has crossed the Channel in what he calls a hydro-cycle, a machine he himself invented, consisting of a bicycle frame mounted between floats with a propeller attached.

He crossed in six hours and a quarter, and arrived at Dover in a state of exhaustion, declaring that he would not do the crossing again for a hundred thousand francs. Savard is a bank messenger, and is 28.

A COUNTRY FINDS A NEW MOUNTAIN RANGE

Russia's Great Surprise

It is pleasing to find that Russia is trying to do something besides attempting to make all the world accept her own queer ideas.

Her Geographical Society last year sent a scientific traveller to North-Eastern Siberia to find out what is in the region drained by the Rivers Yana, Indigirka, and Kolima. These streams are from 600 to 1200 miles long, but very little has been known about the regions through which they flow.

The traveller, Mr. Obruchev, has returned with a surprise. Instead of finding, as he expected, a vast plain, he has discovered a mountain chain over 600 miles long, reaching a height of more than 10,000 feet. It is not on any of the maps. Mr. Obruchev has named these mountains the Cherski Range, after a Russian geologist of that name who tried to explore this region 35 years ago, but died there before his work was done.

The newly-discovered mountains are said to be as great in extent as the Caucasus, though they are not nearly so high.

MAGICAL SCENERY

Something New for the Stage

Actors will soon, perhaps, be able to perform their parts in the actual places where the scene is supposed to have been laid, the scenery being transported by the magic of the camera.

A Vienna professor, Dr. Geyling, is to show in London and Paris his new method of throwing on a screen at the back of the stage a sort of magic-lantern picture of the scenery. His method is to be used at the Odéon Theatre in Paris, in Maeterlinck's Blue Bird.

All kinds of fairylike effects can be obtained, and as photography can be brought into play actual scenery from abroad, faithfully coloured, can be used.

PILLAR KING JOHN SAW

Last Stone of His Palace

There is a new, and yet a very old, monument at the entrance to Kingston Public Library.

The Mayor has received it on behalf of the town from the kinsmen of the late Mr. E. T. Coppinger, in whose garden it stood for many years.

This monument is a stone pillar which once formed part of a colonnade round the palace of our infamous King John, who reigned from 1199-1216. It is believed to be the last stone left of that terror-haunted palace.

King John could order an old priest to be crushed to death and have the grandchildren of an enemy locked up in prison without food till they died. He was one of the worst of kings.

Yet his very badness was an advantage, for if he had not been so cruel the barons would not have rebelled and made him sign Magna Carta.

In spite of his evil, therefore, there is great interest in every relic of King John, and Kingston is to be congratulated on its new possession.

A FAMILY MENTIONED IN SHAKESPEARE

The Wensleydale Scroopes

Our recent reference to Wensley Church, and the association of the ancient Scroope family mentioned in Shakespeare with the beautiful dale has brought us a little note which is interesting because it shows historic continuity through family life and loyalty to old traditions. Here it is:

"The Scroope family mentioned in the C.N. is still in existence, and still resides in Wensleydale. Mr. Scroope, and all the family, are still as hospitable as ever. Starting out on Sunday morning with carriage or car, they will help anyone along the road to the church, the Roman Catholic church of our forefathers."

What a glimpse that gives of the fidelity that holds its own among the hills!

INDIA'S FUTURE

A Very Important Commission

Once again the relations of the British Parliament to our great Indian Dependency are to be reconsidered, and a decision is to be taken as to how far recent experience justifies an extension of self-government there.

When limited Home Rule was granted in 1919 it was provided that ten years afterwards a Commission should consider this question. There has for years been a strong demand in India that this step should be hastened, but Indian politicians have been too much absorbed in their own quarrels. On the other hand, there has been much greater readiness of late to cooperate in working the existing Constitution; and so, as the inquiry will take two years, it has been thought advisable to set about it at once.

The Commission will be composed entirely of Members of the two Houses of Parliament, with which the final decision rests. It has been suggested that this Commission should invite the National and Provincial Legislatures of India to appoint committees which shall lay their views before it and cooperate with it throughout the inquiry. When the Commission has reported it will be the duty of the British Government to lay new proposals before Parliament, but before Parliament considers them they will be examined by a Joint Committee of the two Houses, and here again Indians will be invited to express their views. When this Committee has reported Parliament will legislate.

The Commission is to have Sir John Simon as its chairman, and will doubtless be known as the Simon Commission.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

A Sunday School conference held in Finland was attended by 1200 delegates from Finland, 200 from Norway, 160 from Denmark, and 120 from Sweden. A former Prime Minister of Finland presided.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 3 1927

The Traveller's Welcome

A C.N. correspondent has been across the Atlantic, and one thing that impressed him was the American's delight in his town.

WHEN travellers in America draw near a town or a village they see before them a big board on which is written Welcome to Albion, or whatever the place may be, and below some facts are given about the town. When the traveller leaves the town he reads on the other side *Goodbye; Come again!* Altogether these boards are pleasant sights for a traveller.

Courtesy is always a delightful thing in people, whether they act singly or together, and when we are told that we should be given to hospitality (which means that we should be glad to welcome our friends to all that we have) it is no less true that towns, and even nations, should be hospitable—glad to see and welcome strangers.

A story used to be told everywhere of two inhabitants of a small town who were talking together when a stranger passed. "Who's that, Bill?" one of them asked. "He's a stranger," came the answer. "Heave half a brick at him!" said the other. Happily this spirit is no longer at work, if ever it was; but we can still learn from our American friends not only to welcome strangers by our actions, but to tell them that they are welcome.

It is a fine thing to note the pride of Americans in their towns and villages. Every American will declare with a light in his eyes how great is the place from which he comes. He will be proud of New York and Boston and Detroit (even of Chicago), but he keeps his chief love for his own town. That is where his heart is.

There was an Apostle who when he mentioned his birthplace looked up with a flash in his eyes as he said: "Tarsus, no mean city"; there was a noble poet who loved Florence with an undying love; and every city and town and village in our country has had some men and women who lived for it and were proud to be its citizens.

There was a fine preacher in London who loved the City, and when the County Council was formed, with all its powers of usefulness, he walked over the bridges saying over and over again in delight: "London has a soul! London has a soul!" That is the right spirit, not for Londoners only, but for those who live in every city and town and village in our land.

Let us be proud of its past and read of its part in history; let us be proud of its present, in which we have our part to play; and by our love for it let us make it a still nobler place for others to receive from us.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



19 Great Men

ONE of our readers who was at the British Museum the other day interested himself in noting the names round the Reading Room. It will, perhaps, interest many others to see the men of letters chosen for this high honour, and so we give them here:

Bacon	Spenser	Macaulay
Locke	Caxton	Tennyson
Swift	Milton	Addison
Pope	Gibbon	Carlyle
Scott	Tyndale	Browning
Byron	Wordsworth	Chaucer
	Shakespeare	

and the Clock symbolising Time.

The Longing to Give

WE have just heard a story of a Nizam of Hyderabad. Feeling unaccountably depressed he sent one day for the keeper of his privy purse, and told him to bring bags containing bricks of gold, coins, and silver rupees. One by one the pages came in, bearing huge salvers laden with treasure, and set it in front of their sovereign.

Mir Mahbub Ali Khan began immediately to distribute the gold among his courtiers. When he had finished with them he went to the door, bade his servants bring rupees to him, and began throwing them to the crowd, who became delirious with delight. When his hands grew tired from thus flinging money away he went back to his cushion of state, sighed with relief, and said "I am now quite happy."

We can only hope the treasure thrown away brought happiness to those who picked it up. It is still true that it is sometimes happier to give than to receive.

Let Us Suppose

We feel that we may quote this passage from a letter written by a well-known man.

SUPPOSE all the statesmen of the world started with the declaration that Peace is a blessing, that War is a blunder, that Prosperity is the effect of Concord, and that the way to the Millennium is Education. Suppose that, holding these fixed principles, they met in conference year after year with the sole object of furthering the higher life of humanity—the moral, intellectual, and spiritual life of every individual. Is it not certain that in fifty years the world would be a far more rational place?

What every science needs is a few fixed principles and the spirit of unselfish and unflinching devotion to Truth. The difference between the scientist and the politician is the difference between the man who built his house on a rock and the man who built his house on the sand. The man of science inhabits a fortress; the politician inhabits a hut.

The Church's duty is to teach men how to go to Heaven, not how the heavens go.

Galileo

The New Chained Books

IT is a long time since books were chained in our cathedrals, but a C.N. travelling correspondent reminds us that we have a new kind of chained book in these days.

He has found a London Directory chained on the main line platform at King's Cross, and we are all, of course, familiar with the telephone directory chained in the kiosks of the Post Office.

Tip-Cat

AUTHORS are said to be careless of their money. They can always write for some more.

POWDERED sunshine is the latest cosmetic. We wondered what had become of it.

Bow ties are artistic, we are told, and show a man's natural bent. Though they are not artistic, so do bow legs.

A MAN wearing a mackintosh, tennis shoes, a straw hat, and a respirator has been seen at Brighton. Prepared for all weathers.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the carpenter's plane makes the shavings fly

it worth while to sing a song of sixpence.

THE masses are said to enjoy good music when they hear it. When they can't hear it, however, they don't.

A FASHION artist is glad the vagabond hat has gone out of existence. Still, with all its faults, it knew when to take itself off.

A Prayer For Your Room

Teach me to observe the rules of the game. Teach me neither to cry for the Moon nor for spilt milk. Help me to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, cleaving to the one and despising the other. Help me neither to proffer nor to receive cheap praise.

If I am called upon to suffer let me be like the well-bred beast who goes away and suffers in silence.

Teach me to win when I may, and, if I may not win, then, above all, make me a good loser.

A prayer hanging in a room at Sandringham

Mine

There is a sea, a distant sea,
Beyond the farthest line,
Where all my ships that went astray,
And all my dreams of yesterday,
And all the things that were to be, are mine.

The Lamplighter

FOR him no voice is lifted high;
No sudden joy lights up the mind;
Upon the friendly dark he comes;
As patient as the dark, and kind.

IN half-heard silence, soundless sound,
The dim street lies beneath the sky,
Within the hallowing dusk, ashine
That waits a High Priest's ministry.

HE comes, his shoulders bowed
and worn:
None knows or cares his humble name;
Yet at his will, upon the dark,
Beauty arises as a flame.

HE goes, unconscious that his will
Made luminous the face of night;
As greater ones than he have gone,
And, going, changed the dark to light.

Flora Sandström

Little Tales of Florence

AUSTRIA still has her troubles; she always has had them. We have come upon two stories from her very troubled past.

One is of the days when Austrian troops were occupying Florence, and one of the gorgeously-decorated officers of her army placed himself at the foot of Giotto's Tower and stood lost in admiration of its perfect beauty. A little Italian urchin, with the blood of a small Mussolini in his veins, was struck by the sight, and, imagining that the pompous officer would like to take the Tower away, ran up to him and shouted "It unscrews, sir!" We are not told what happened next.

War But a Habit

The other story is of the same time. An angry Italian crowd was demonstrating against the Austrians in one of Florence's narrow streets, and a young Austrian lieutenant was sent with a small detachment of troops. One of the troopers became separated from the rest, and his horse slipped, throwing him to the ground in the midst of the crowd.

"Now for trouble! They'll kill that man," said the officer, as the mob surged round the fallen trooper, crying "Down with Austria! Death to the Austrians!" But as the lieutenant spurred his way through the crowd he heard the bloodthirsty ones, as they picked up the little trooper, anxiously saying "Oh, poor fellow! Have you hurt yourself? Up with you. It will be nothing. Up again on your horse, eh?" Then, having helped him to remount, off they went, crying harder than ever, "Death to the Austrians!"

Clearly war is very much a habit rather than something in the hearts of men. Most of us are not half so bad as the politicians make us.

To Certain People in Somerset

Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the Last Judgment draweth nigh.

William Blake

THE STRANDED GIANTS

WHALES THAT SAILED ACROSS THE WORLD

A Tragic Ending to a Great Armada

ENEMIES OF SHACKLETON AND SCOTT

If one were to write "Two examples of the Pseudorca crassidens have arrived at the Natural History Museum in London," and leave it at that, no C.N. reader would deserve censure if he returned small thanks for the information. But there is a world of wonder behind this simple statement.

The two Pseudorca crassidens are from the wrecked 150 whales in the Dornoch Firth whose destruction we recorded recently. When inspected by the expert the Museum sent to Scotland the stranded giants proved to be, not common whales as was supposed, but the rarest whales in our waters, False Killers, or False Grampuses.

Found in the Fens

Never until now had they been seen on our coasts. Eighty years ago Sir Richard Owen, who predicted the discovery of the giant moa from the thigh-bone which its finder had mistaken for that of an extinct New Zealand ox, was shown a half-fossilised skeleton head from the soil of the Lincolnshire fens. He pronounced it an extinct whale, new to science, and called it Pseudorca crassidens, or False Killer. Afterwards two similar skeletons were found deep in the soil of Cambridgeshire.

Clearly, then, this solid, high-and-dry England was once the deep-sea home of swimming monsters now extinct. But mariners sailing far South presently came upon False Killers in the waters of the other side of the world. The genus was not extinct save in our northern seas.

The Bait That Lured Them

Exploring every sea where ship may sail, men found the False Killers at home in the boundless Southern Sea; the 150 cast ashore in Dornoch Firth were an armada which had sailed on a sort of retaliatory expedition of conquest from one end of the world's seas to the other, mastering and masticating cuttlefish. These are their natural food; and it had been noted, in advance of the visitors' advent, that the waters in the vicinity of Dornoch Firth were alive with cuttlefish.

These were the bait that lured the doomed seven score and ten to destruction on the coast. We shall see examples mounted in the museum, and, studying them, we shall think of their greater, more terrible, kindred, the true Killer Whales or Grampuses, and sigh for the loss of Scott and the perils of Shackleton. For grampuses killed Scott and cost him his South Pole triumph.

Tigers of the Frozen Deep

At the edge of the Great Ice Barrier, which guards and buries the Antarctic continent, grampuses had three of Scott's ponies. That, wrote Scott in his journal, bade fair to wreck the expedition, and it did. The expedition never had enough hauling power after that disaster. They lost the South Pole to Amundsen, and died, starved and exhausted through over-exertion necessitated by the loss of the ponies.

And Shackleton, at the height of his difficulties, adrift on the ice, after his ship had been crushed and sunk, never knew an hour's peace from the Killers. They would burst through the ice to get at him and his marooned companions, tigers of the frozen deep where sharks dare not venture.

Pseudorca crassidens comes to us a guileless stranger, but kin to known demons which figure gigantic and grim in one of our most valiant but tragic national records.

THE HERO WHO DID NOT SAY A WORD

A REMARKABLY complete illustration of the intelligence of some dogs has come to us from the neighbourhood of Rochdale.

It was during the days, some weeks ago, when a severe storm swept over that district. At a late hour an old, much-respected lock-keeper on the Rochdale Canal went out in the teeth of the storm to have a final look round before retiring for the night. With him was his dog, a powerful animal. As he was passing along the sodden canal side the lock-keeper suddenly slipped, and fell headlong into the water.

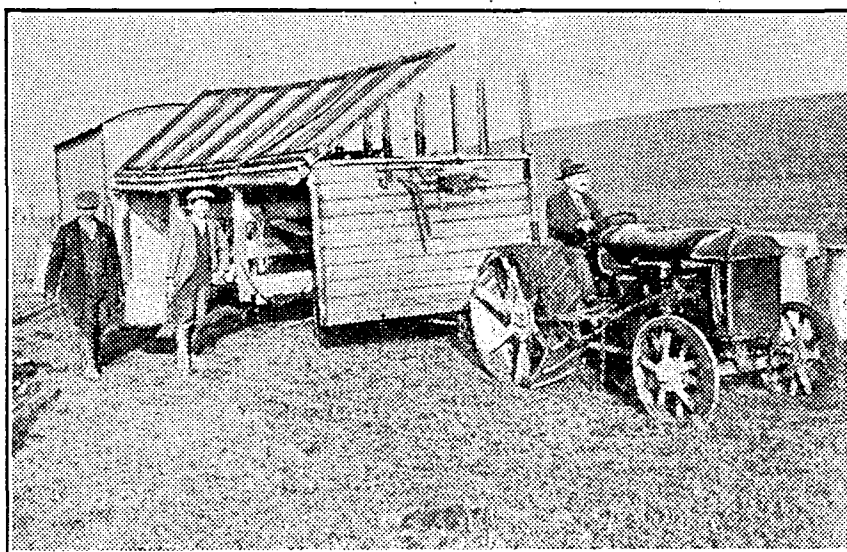
A few minutes afterwards the lock-keeper's wife heard a violent barking outside the door. When she opened it the dog was there, but not his master; and the dog, in a state of great excitement, kept running away into the darkness toward the towing-path and then rushing back to the house again. Following the dog into the darkness,

she had not gone far when she found the unconscious form of her husband, partly on the bank and partly in the water. He only recovered consciousness after his wife had sought assistance, carried him home, and got him to bed.

Evidently he had struck his head against the coping-stone of the canal in falling. But how had he got out? He can give no account of it; he only thinks he remembers falling. But on his overcoat and jacket are the clear marks that the dog's teeth made as he dragged his master to the bank before dashing off for human assistance and bringing it to the spot.

Rescues from drowning by dogs are many, and often dogs have been known to fetch assistance in cases of accident; but here the whole process of rescue and relief was evidently carried through by the dog alone, without human knowledge or prompting.

OPEN-AIR LIFE FOR COWS



A tractor towing the open-air cowshed across the fields



Milking the cows in their movable shed

Instead of driving home his cows every night and shutting them up in a closed building a Wiltshire farmer takes the cowshed to the cows, as shown in these pictures. Not only does this save labour, but the cows, which spend all their time in the open air, appear to be even more healthy than usual.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Over five million sheep were lost through drought last year in Queensland.

Dignified Newcastle

Newcastle has refused to allow an electric hare track to be included in its town-planning scheme.

The Doctor's Writing

The Doncaster magistrates have adjourned the hearing of a case because they were unable to read a doctor's writing on a certificate.

A Splendid Gift

The Duke of Westminster has given a house for two shillings a year as headquarters for the National Playing Fields Association. It is a five-minute journey from Victoria Station.

Wolves have been attacking farm stocks in many districts of Galicia.

Discoverer of Water Gas

Professor Hugo Strache, who discovered water gas and was a world authority on gas and fuel, has died at 62.

The Mouse in Court

A mouse disturbed the proceedings of the police-court at Cannock, in Staffordshire, the other day.

A Box From Bournville

We were delighted to find in our post-bag the other day a box filled with the various good things sent out all over the world from Bournville. We are sure that Cadbury's chocolates meet the C.N. wherever the flag flies.

THE BRIGHTER LIGHTHOUSE

WIRELESS FOR OUR LONELY MEN

Music and News Break Into the Outer Rim of Silence

THE EYES THAT WATCH AT SEA

The outer rim of silence has been invaded by laughter and song. Our most far-away country cousins have got a town house.

In other words, lighthouses and light-ships are now equipped with wireless, and the men whose lives are spent so far away from everyday existence that they could almost be said to have no history are drawn into the circle of the world's work and play.

Someone has said that lighthouse men are the supreme examples of men whose work is famous while they themselves remain obscure. They live what seems to the ordinary person a romantic existence because their lives fall in that sphere of inextinguishable romance, the sea; yet they are bounded by rules and laws, have their nights and days divided up as if they worked in a factory, and with boundless horizons on every hand are condemned to a cabin for a home. Once inside that cabin they might just as well be in the Arctic. They are outside. We do not know they are there.

Mysterious and Remote

We see the great sea lights come out at dusk, eyes in the dark watching the night for us, and they can never be anything but mysterious and remote. Rarely do we visualise the complete isolation of the men whose lives are bound up in that service of light; rarely do we remember that those ears listening to the storm must needs be deaf to other voices.

All that is changed; a little revolution has taken place. The lighthouse man can click on his machine and hear Big Ben strike in his little parlour, can hear what is to the exile a precious phrase (*London calling*); can hear the gossip of the town and smile at weather forecasts, can hear Bach, or can listen to a church service.

God-Fearing Men

That is best of all, no doubt. Men whose business takes them out on to the high seas are nearly always God-fearing. We in the town can more easily set up little barricades of imagined safety, have little philosophies to comfort us, patent medicines on the shelf, and the doctor handy. The sailor has deep in his heart a sure conviction that life is in the Hand of God. He has seen too many people swept into eternity at a minute's notice to have any comfortable little theories. And these men who guard other men's safety long intensely for the fellowship of a church. They have been for ever spending a Sabbath morning at sea, as Mrs. Browning did when she wrote these lines:

Love me, sweet friends, this Sabbath day!
The sea sings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn unaltered,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
And bless me deeper in the soul
Because the voice has faltered.

Lighthouses and Wireless

We do not know how long in this age of progress sea lights in the form of lighthouses and ships will survive. Already wireless beacons are at work about our coast giving signals for the guidance of sailors. The day may come when lighthouses will be entirely superseded, but in the meantime it is good to think of the cheer that has come into the lives of the men who live in them and control them.

They will share everybody's happy Christmas, and be able to watch the New Year in with about twelve million of their fellow-men.

THE LITTLE ENEMY IN THE FORESTS

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE TSETSE FLY

The Sure and Steady Victory of a Little Band of Men

PROSPECTS OF SUCCESS

For five years a devoted band of men in Northern Nigeria have been studying ways and means of getting rid of the deadly tsetse fly, and they believe that the prospects of success are good.

The two chief crimes of the tsetse fly, for which it has been condemned to extermination, are infecting cattle and horses by its bite with diseases carried from wild animals and carrying sleeping sickness by the same means to man. The flies that infect cattle live mostly in the bush, and those harmful to man live mainly by the river.

The clearing of the fringing bush by the rivers, it has been found, definitely means the disappearance of the river species, and that is being done where there are settlements or river crossings.

What is Being Done

The protection of cattle from their special enemy is much more difficult. If all the wild animals were killed off the tsetse fly could not carry their diseases, and if all the bush were destroyed the tsetse would die for lack of shelter. But obviously neither of these remedies is practicable. What is being done is to discourage antelope and wild pigs, whose diseases are especially communicated by the fly, from multiplying near the grazing grounds of cattle and horses, and to try to get rid of the particular kind of bush conditions which favour the breeding of the fly.

Experiments have shown that the tsetse fly can only thrive in forests which afford it shelter overhead from the burning Sun. But beneath that sheltering canopy the ground must be fairly clear. Impenetrable thicket or even long grass prevents the fly from seeing the creatures on whose blood it feeds.

An Early Experiment

The tsetse is not a parasite in the sense of living in the skins of those it feeds on; it visits them, bites them, and leaves them, and to do that it must be able to see them. So its home is in forests where thick shade is given above, and, though its breeding places are in reedy ground by streams and forest pools, these must be near hunting grounds clear of both bush and long grass.

An early experiment was to set up a wire fence round such a breeding ground and the hunting ground around it, keeping the wild animals away. If its food could not come to it the tsetse was done for. We are speaking here of the game-feeding bush tsetse, as it is called; the river tsetse can nourish itself on reptiles and so was little affected.

The Chief Hope

Another experiment was the burning of the grass amid which the tsetse breeds. This also was effective, but was difficult to carry out. Finally the woodland near the breeding places was thinned of those trees which give the shade the fly requires. It is evident that in these directions the chief hope lies in getting rid of this pest of tropical Africa.

Of course it is an enormous task, but there is some encouragement in the estimate that around Sherifuri, the centre in Northern Nigeria in which the experiments have chiefly been made, only seven per cent of what is known as the fly belt and only two per cent of the whole woodland over which the fly extends in the rains will have to be cleared to make the area fly-free. Farther south the conditions are different, if only because of the immensely greater quantity of rain. Practically the whole country is a fly belt there. But, north or south, the problem can no longer be regarded as beyond solution.

THREE RULERS OF HALF A MILLION MILES

Future of Northern Australia

A VAST TERRITORY AND ITS OPPORTUNITIES

Northern Australia, the Commonwealth's youngest daughter, has undergone many changes in the hope of improving its development.

It began as a part of New South Wales. Then it was tacked on to South Australia. Fifteen years ago it was handed over to the Commonwealth Government, which last year passed through Parliament a new constitution on its behalf.

In fulfilment of that new constitution a Commission is now preparing to control the development of Northern Australia and administer the territory. The Commission is to consist of three men, a railway engineer, a grazier, and a man of commerce. The C.N. wishes them success in their work, but they can do little without a big increase taking place in immigration.

What Is and What Might Be

Recently the movement has been the opposite way. At the end of 1916 the whole vast area of 524,000 square miles held 3737 Europeans, while the European population for 1924 is estimated at only 2240. The native population is estimated at 20,000, only a tenth of which is in touch with civilisation; and there are about a thousand "others."

The whole of the territory except a small strip in the south is within the torrid zone, and a great deal of it has very little vegetation. But rice, tobacco, coconuts, mangoes, cotton, peanuts, and various kinds of fodder can all be grown, though rice hardly pays. Experiments in tobacco and cotton-planting have given very promising results.

There are almost limitless opportunities for horse and cattle breeding, but the latest figures available show less than a million cattle, less than five thousand sheep (with five times as many goats), and under fifty thousand horses. Pigs and camels were in the hundreds. Buffaloes have been imported, but have been hunted almost to extinction. Pearl fisheries hang fire, and mining is still insignificant.

AN ESKIMO BABY'S JOURNEY

His First Outing

We came across a charming description of a scene in Eskimoland the other day. A baby was about to start on its first expedition.

An opening appeared somewhere at the back of Kuvdlo's house, and through it came crawling Mrs. Kuvdlo, with the infant in her arms. She planted herself in front of the hut and stood waiting until Aua appeared. Aua was the spiritual shepherd of the flock. He stepped toward the child, bared its head, and, placing his lips close to its face, uttered this heathen equivalent of a morning prayer:

I rise up from rest;
Moving swiftly as the raven's wing,
I rise up to meet the day.

My face is turned from the dark of night,
My gaze toward the dawn,
Toward the whitening dawn.

It was the child's first journey, and the morning hymn was a magic formula to bring it good fortune through life.

We should like to have been there, under the northern sky, with the pack ice surging and groaning and straining round, and through the freezing water in the gaps baby walrus popping up for a breath of air, while the ice-child blinked placidly at them from its mother's arms.

THE HONOURABLE ORDER OF WORKERS

82 Years With One Firm

It would surely be hard to beat this record of long service.

John Hughes was nine years old when he became errand boy to a firm of weighing-machine makers at West Bromwich.

He went through every department, and ultimately became general works manager. He specialised in patented improvements in weighing-machines, and he was ninety when he made the last of them.

Last September illness compelled him to retire after 82 years of service with the same firm, and now he has passed away.

Much interest is taken in such cases in France. The master bakers of Paris and the Department of the Seine have recently awarded 17 first-class medals, 18 silver medals, and 20 bronze medals to journeymen bakers and bread-carriers who have served from 16 to 24 years in the same shop.

A special medal of honour was also bestowed on a woman bread-carrier who has been employed for 55 years in the same bakery.

THE CHANGE AN HOUR BROUGHT

63 Men From the Brink of Death

The other night there was a big naval ball at Weymouth, and the gayest men among the dancers were those who had been on the brink of death only an hour before the ball began.

Their escape was simply due to the swiftness with which their comrades came to the rescue. In the darkness a submarine had rammed and sunk a drifter belonging to H.M.S. Repulse, and 63 men on board the drifter must have thought the end had come. But half a dozen warships flung their searchlights on the wreck, and from every vessel launches and pinnaces came to the rescue. Not a life was lost because not a minute was lost, and it was discipline of the most perfect kind that made this achievement possible.

Sometimes it is easier to be brave than to be cool, yet the bravest man is no use unless he can keep his head.

THE COMING LONDON L.C.C. Architect's Dream

The architect of the L.C.C., Mr. Topham Forrest, has been explaining once more his fine visions of London.

He wants a wide thoroughfare along Waterloo Road, over Waterloo Bridge, cutting straight through to the British Museum. The wonderful frontage of that fine building, now almost buried from sight, would make a splendid vista, and Mr. Forrest thinks this scheme would be a natural development of the approaching improvement of the Covent Garden area. He would have great squares at certain key points of London, with wide thoroughfares leading from them. Waterloo would be one and Victoria another.

A BELL'S STORY Ringing in the New

When workmen were demolishing an ancient Manor House facing Mitcham Common they found a bell in the roof inscribed "W.E. 1662."

The Manor House is being pulled down to make room for a cottage hospital. When the governors heard of the discovery they asked their architect to design a turret for the bell on the roof of the hospital, and so the bell which had been hidden and forgotten for generations will be heard again.

Never did any bell so literally obey the poet's command to "ring out the old, ring in the new."

THE RIDER WITHOUT A TICKET

HOW HE MANAGED IT

A Little Mystery of a Dog On a Bus

DID HE THINK IT OUT?

A well-known scientific man sends us this remarkable story of a dog.

A man was journeying in a bus from the East Coast to an inland town, and when a stop was made to pick up passengers he noticed a girl getting into the bus accompanied by a small and rather poor-looking dog.

She took her seat, and her companion immediately curled himself up underneath; but when the conductor came round and asked her if she owned the dog she said she had never seen him before. So the bus continued its journey, and about three miles farther on, at another stop, the dog got up, jumped out, and disappeared down a side lane.

Canine Intelligence

It so happened that the man who saw this was going back over the same route in the evening, and, to his surprise, when the bus stopped near where the dog had left it in the morning the animal once more appeared and, following someone into the bus, again curled up under a seat. When his destination was reached out he got, and no doubt went home. The story shows a really remarkable amount of canine intelligence. This dog apparently pretends that he belongs to a certain person in order to get in the bus, and, having travelled to where he wants to go, gets off, and repeats his performance in the evening. Possibly he has a friend he wants to see, but the way he manages things suggests that the whole thing must have been thought out.

Since this occurrence was observed the dog has been seen again travelling in the bus without a ticket, and it is evident that he makes a practice of thus defrauding the omnibus company. The animal is a mongrel, and mongrels are noted for their high degree of intelligence; but a dog such as this if carefully trained would surely be capable of still more remarkable things.

ENERGETIC BELFAST A Fine Museum

The City of Belfast is living up to its reputation as the most energetic centre of progressive life in Ireland. To its lead in industry it is now adding an increasing care for the knowledge and culture that are needed to supplement successful industry. This is to be seen in the fine museum it is building to store the materials for scientific study.

Though admirable work has been done in Ireland in tracing its history, scientific, religious, and archaeological, that work has not impressed itself so fully on the general mind, or even on the studious mind, as the more-persistent Scots and English have succeeded in doing by their study of their homelands. The new museum should be a centre from which Irish scientific learning will radiate afresh.

We have ourselves before now stumbled into error in suggesting that the Palaeolithic, or Early Stone Age, culture has not been represented in Ireland as clearly as it is shown to have been by the collection of instruments arranged in this very museum under Mr. Arthur Deane. These are admirably illustrated by the photography of Mr. R. J. Welch, himself an archaeologist, whose competence has been recognised by the Government of Northern Ireland, which has just awarded him its first civil pension. The fact is that in no part of the British Isles is the early story of man pictured more clearly by his handiwork than in Northern Ireland. More power to the new museum to make it more widely known.

WIRES OF THE WIRELESS AGE

The Cables Still Busy QUICKENING THEM UP

Wireless telegraphy has not destroyed the use of the electric cable for long-distance messages. We still need wires in the Wireless Age.

Two important new inventions have increased the value of submarine telegraphy within the last year or so. By one the load a cable can carry has been increased sixfold, and by the other the necessity of repeating a message at frequent intervals over long routes has been overcome, quickening transmission considerably.

These two improvements together have enormously increased the carrying capacity of the cables, and when it is realised that the Eastern Telegraph Company alone transmits a hundred thousand words in the busiest six hours of every day the importance of this speeding-up is clear.

Automatic Re-transmission

Hitherto when a message was sent, let us say, from London to Cape Town it was necessary for operators at the intermediate stations at Porthcurnow, in Cornwall, Fayal, in the Azores, St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, and Ascension and St. Helena Islands to receive the perforated tape from one instrument and feed it into another. This was called re-transmission, and was necessary because the signals became distorted as they passed over each section and the distortions had to be corrected. By the new invention this re-transmission is done automatically by a machine called a regenerator, and the clerks have simply to watch over the regenerator while it does the work for them.

The regenerator does its work practically instantaneously, so that each section of the cable is practically joined on to the next, and there is a continuous line carrying one message the whole distance.

SCHOOLS AND THE LEAGUE

A Good Make-Believe

Members of the League of Nations Union in Birmingham believe that one cannot start too soon in teaching peace.

They have been holding Model Assemblies of the League, originally intended to stir the interest of adults only, but afterwards thrown open to children. At one Model Assembly held in a school hall rows of children were watching and listening with deep attention to the proceedings of the "Eighth Assembly."

It seems to us an extraordinarily impressive way of bringing home the work and the dignity of the League, even though the headmaster's desk must serve as the rostrum of the world, and chairs have to be labelled with the names of countries. It is the kind of make-believe we should like to see carried out more often.

ODD SIGHT IN PARIS

A Wild Boar Hunt

There are many wild boars in the forests not far from Paris, but considerable alarm was caused a few days ago in one of the streets of the French capital by a wild boar which was supposed to be dead suddenly scampering off when it was being dragged from a motor-car, upsetting a costermonger's cart in its flight for liberty.

The animal had been shot in the forest of Château Thierry twelve hours before, and the sportsman was bringing it home, but the poor beast had only been wounded. A bullet from a policeman's revolver had the effect of ending its sufferings. Poor boar!

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

A Successful Architect

The Law Courts were opened on December 4, 1832.

On December 4, 1832, the Law Courts in London were opened. The architect, G. E. Street, R.A., had already designed several churches and houses; the Law Courts were his masterpiece. Into their construction he put a lifetime's experience and knowledge, but the year before they were opened he died, and the work had to be finished by A. E. Street and Sir Arthur Blomfield. The four new courts on the western side were added in 1913.

From the first the architect had a difficult task. The site chosen for the building was extremely awkward, having a rise of fifteen feet from the front in the Strand to the back in Carey Street. Also it was a restricted space, only about 500 feet, and there was no possibility of a proper approach. The chief entrance opens on to the pavement like a shop door.

The Last of the Gothic

Street knew quite well what an effect this cramped space would have on the building, but he was looking ahead to the day when the Strand would be widened and his fine group have a little more breathing-room.

The courts are interesting partly on their own account and partly because they were the last serious effort in London to make use of the Gothic style in a public building. For two generations a passion for Gothic architecture, old and new, had made itself felt in England; it was called the Gothic revival, and the architects who were guided by it seemed to consider it the one style possible in which to build any church or hall.

A Beautiful Great Hall

Street designed the Law Courts in a manner which one might call adapted Gothic. He got all the restlessness of Gothic without its sense of height and airy grace. On the other hand, he achieved a sturdiness and homeliness in the building which seem to make it very much at home in the noisy, busy Strand. The most beautiful part of the Law Courts, the Great Hall, cannot be seen by the passer-by, who merely gets an impression of scores of arches and pillars, of turrets and pinnacles. And as he is so close to it the passer-by cannot appreciate the magnificent entrance.

The Great Hall is something any city might be proud of. Its lines are lofty and unbroken. The actual measurements are about 230 feet by 40 feet, with a height of 80 feet, but it seems much larger and higher. The light from the pointed windows falls very graciously on the high springing arches and makes patterns on the cool mosaic floor. A fine marble memorial to the architect and a few interesting works of art adorn the hall, and from it open out staircases and passages leading out and up into the great network of rooms (eleven hundred in all) which form the mass of the building.

Distinctive Features

The court rooms are very fine apartments of beautiful proportion and dignity, with woodwork and panelling that are already taking on a look of age.

Two distinctive features mark the eastern and western boundary of the Law Courts. At the Fleet Street end is a fine square turret with a jutting clock, whose chimes are among the most beautiful in London. At the other end is a fine open space set with trees and seats for the loiterer, divided from the pavement by an arcade of the broad arches Street loved. These sturdy, strong arches running along the ground and the pinnacles and turrets cutting the skyline are what we carry most in our memory when we think of this noble pile.

A PINE TREE WRITES ITS STORY

The Dendograph Wonder THE MAGICAL FINGER OF SCIENCE

Have you ever been thrilled when you looked at a picture? One we saw in a paper the other day fascinated us. It was of a pine tree writing its own record!

It has been at it nine years. A magic pine? Not at all. A real one, and round it is clasped the dendograph (magical if you like) which Mr. McDougal, of the Carnegie Institute, has invented to make a tree trace its own development and characteristics.

It is a frame bolted to a tree, with a long horizontal arm which writes on a paper divided into millimetres, rolled on a cylinder which revolves very slowly. The apparatus has already shown that with most trees there occurs each day, independently of their growth, a swelling and a shrinking. This has to do with the ascending of the sap.

The curve of growth of our wonderful pine tree is being patiently and unerringly marked by its dendograph. We wish we could be there to see when the belt of wooden blocks round the tree is undone, and the dendograph is taken off, and the record of the pine's growth is examined by the learned men of the forest.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

On What Day Do the Seasons Begin?

Spring, March 21; Summer, June 22; Autumn, September 23; Winter, December 22.

What is the Name of the Midday Sleep in Spain?

The sleep or rest taken in the hottest part of the day in Spain is called the siesta.

Which is the Highest Spire in the World?

Cologne Cathedral has the highest spire in the world, 528 feet from the ground level.

Who Was Jenny Wren?

She was Fanny Cleaver, nicknamed Jenny Wren, a deformed little dolls' dressmaker in Charles Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend*.

What is the Capital of the Channel Islands?

There is no one capital. Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney have their own Governments, and their respective capitals are St. Helier, St. Peter Port, and St. Anne.

What is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?

This is a nickname for the Bank of England, so called from a caricature by Gilray entitled *The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street in Danger*. It referred to the temporary stopping of cash payments in 1797.

Why is There a Worm in the Centre of a Sound Oak Apple?

The oak apple is a gall or growth of the oak round the egg of a tiny insect. Inside, the egg hatches into a grub, and in due course, the grub eats its way out of the gall. Before it has done so there is no hole to be seen.

Why Does a Fire Go Out?

It may be because there is nothing more left to burn, or because, the grate being choked with ashes, there is no draught, and sufficient oxygen cannot get to the fire. Oxygen is needed to produce enough heat to keep the coal at a temperature sufficiently high to combine with oxygen, which is what burning really is.

Why When it is Touched With a Stick Does an Octopus Change Colour?

The colour changes of the octopus and its relatives are a provision of Nature enabling the creature to harmonise with its surroundings and so become less conspicuous, either to escape enemies or to be unnoticed by its victims when waiting for food.

Why Does Grass Grow So Plentifully on the Steppes of Asia?

There are thousands of species of grasses, and, like other plants, each thrives in surroundings that are particularly favourable to it. Many of the grasses of the inland steppes and prairies are quite different species from those of the meadows and downs of Great Britain and Ireland near the seashore.

NEXT WEEK'S ECLIPSE

THE SHADOW ON THE MOON'S FACE

Ring of Coloured Light Round the Earth

WHERE DAY MEETS NIGHT

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Thursday evening, December 8, the Earth's dark shadow may be seen 225,000 miles away.

It will then be on the Moon, and her surface will be experiencing what a portion of the Earth's surface experienced on June 29 last. The Sun will be hidden from the Moon by the globe of the Earth, just as the Sun was hidden from us by the Moon last June. But then only a narrow belt of our world's surface was so served by the much smaller lunar shadow.

So we shall see the Moon in almost total darkness. When this so-called total



The direction of the Earth's shadow across the Moon

eclipse of the Moon takes place she will be almost at her nearest to us and will therefore loom large during the eclipse.

This begins at eight minutes to four o'clock, two minutes after the Sun has set. The Moon will have just risen in the north-east, and so for the next half-hour or so will not be easily seen. When she becomes visible a singular lunar face will be presented, a curved section out of the lower left-hand side appearing darkly shaded and scarcely perceptible; the curve representing the edge of the Earth's round shadow creeping, as it appears, over the Moon's surface, but actually travelling at the rate of about 2000 miles an hour.

By six minutes to 5 o'clock the last glimmer of sunlight will have passed from the right side of the Moon, and then she will be completely immersed in the gloom of the Earth's shadow.

But the Moon will be still visible and appear either a dusky grey or a coppery hue. This singular illumination which faintly lights up the otherwise eclipsed face is the reflected glow of the ring of light encircling the black sphere of the Earth as seen from the Moon.

Sunrise and Sunset Colours

This luminous ring, extending for between 250 and 500 miles all round the Earth, is produced by the refracted sunlight passing through the Earth's atmosphere. The ring represents the sunrise and sunset belt of the Earth, the edge where day meets night. Where terrestrial clouds are generally absent near this ring the sunrise and sunset colours are present, red or orange prevailing; therefore the light imparts a reddish or coppery hue to the dark lunar surface. When, more rarely, cloudy conditions exist a dusky effect is given to the lunar surface.

We shall see which occurs next Thursday evening, for the Moon will remain completely in the Earth's shadow until a quarter past 6 o'clock, when twilight will have gone, and so her colour can be better perceived. By 18 minutes past 7 our world's chilly shadow of totality, the umbra, will have left the last bit of the Moon; her intensely heated surface will begin to return, and only a faint duskiness, called the penumbra (the shadow thrown where the Earth only partly hides the Sun from the Moon), will remain for another hour.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Jupiter and Uranus south to south-west. In the morning Venus, Mercury, and Mars in the south-east.

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By
Marjory Royce

CHAPTER 21

The Legend of the Cave

Rafe stopped short and peered sharply at Alastair.

"I daresay you heard one of the sea-birds' cries," he said; "they're very strange."

Alastair shook his head vehemently. "It was the cry of a lion," he insisted.

"We must explore the island thoroughly," Rafe said. "We'll chart it. Then we'll find your lion, Alastair. What a chap you are for being afraid!"

"Think I imagined it as much as you like," said Alastair. "I know I was not mistaken."

Rafe shrugged his shoulders and went off. It was a good deal later when he came slowly back along the beach. He had mended the boat by jamming in a tight bung, and had seen John and Teddy set off in it. They were now a little way out on the calm water, fishing. Rafe hoped with all his heart that they would get something for supper; this food question was getting on his nerves. He was not disappointed; they came back proudly displaying two good-sized haddock, which they handed over to Monica Mildred. The fish took some time to prepare and cook, but the result was an unqualified success. The cook was duly complimented.

"Jolly good!" Rafe pronounced for the third time, when supper was over and the plates had been washed and put away. "Now we'll have Alastair's yarn."

They had taken more time than they had expected to take over their meal. First there had been the boiling of the fish, then the discovery that they wanted water to drink and a visit to the stream to get it. Then Corinne had had to be put to bed; and of course Monica Mildred would not leave her till she was sound asleep. So that, with one thing and another, it had been a long time before the story-telling could begin.

But now at last, at the end of the day, peace had fallen upon them; they lay round in a semi-circle in the moonlight, curled up in their blankets, waiting for the Keeper of the Legends to begin. Alastair had made a cushion of his blanket and was sitting on it, bolt upright, facing them, his face alive with excitement. There was no doubt about it, Miles was at his best telling a tale.

"There was once," he began in his very pleasant voice, "a cave in Mull which was thought to reach right across the island from east to west. It was so huge that nobody had ever had pluck enough to explore it, for tradition said it was full of wild animals."

"I would have gone," boasted Hilary—and could have bitten his tongue out with annoyance. Alas, he had spoken!

"Oh, Hill, what a pity!" said Rafe, throwing his twin a look of sympathy.

"Does it really count—only four words?" said Hilary.

"Of course it does," replied his brother. "However, you can try again, Hill. No, not by keeping quiet all night when you're asleep; that isn't playing the game."

"I could put in some time at once, surely, till I go to bed?" said Hilary eagerly. He longed to please Rafe more than anybody else in the world. If there was something hard and unexcusing about Rafe there was something honest and absolutely genuine. Hilary did not hear the beginning of the story of the cave, so wrapped was he in his disappointment.

But the story went on.

"Well, there was a wedding party in a house near this mysterious cave, and the people began talking about it. Somebody said

no human being would ever dare to go right down to the end, so that the truth about it could never be known. But there was a very brave man at the feast, the local piper; he got up and said he wasn't afraid, and offered, for a wager, to explore the cave from end to end. He said he would wear a pine-torch in his bonnet to give him light, and that he would play on his pipes all the time.

"The people accepted the wager and settled the terms. They bade him a hearty farewell, and watched him enter the cave, playing beautifully. On the top of the cave (for it had a grassy top where one could walk) the guests marched as nearly as possible with him.

"More than half the cave had been crossed when suddenly the lively march changed (Alastair's voice changed too, dropping to a soft, low melancholy) and the strains of a doleful tune were heard. Alas, what was the piper seeing that he played like that?"

"Ghosts," said Monica cheerfully.

"Wolves," said Alastair sternly.

"His pine-torch was almost burned out and his breath was almost failing as he slowly advanced against a huge wolf which was only waiting till the light should fail to fall on him. And now the piper played Macrimmon's lament, a Gaelic song:

Alas, my great want, that I have not three hands,
Two for the pipes and one for wielding my sword.

"You see, he wanted a third hand to defend himself against those fierce wolves that were around him," Alastair explained.

"A little later came the lament: It is the green she-wolf that so harasses me! And then the people, listening miserably above, knew that his time was coming to an end.

"It is the green she-wolf that so harasses me," repeated Alastair, and in the moonlight his voice was strangely eerie.

"And then the music ceased, for the poor piper had been torn to pieces by the wolves! Remember if ever you hear Macrimmon's lament," Alastair wound up impressively, "that is what it says."

There was a short silence, then: "I hope there are no wolves in our caves," Teddy murmured.

"Of course not," said Monica Mildred stoutly. "But the new bedroom which I found for you is very long; I didn't go to the end of it."

"Perhaps we ought to go to bed now," said Rafe, getting up; "it has been a long day."

And indeed it had. The vision of the sailor boy and his invitation to go sailing with him over the wild seas were still haunting Rafe.

"It's nice to go to bed with the flag watching over us," said Alastair, getting up and giving a glance at the Union Jack floating from the hill. The wind was rising; it was cold.

Monica Mildred led the way up the beach; there was a ledge of rock quite near the water to be trod cautiously, and then, lo and behold, they were in a wonderful cave! In the moonlight it looked tremendous. It fell away into mysterious shadows.

"I think this ought to be a lovely dormitory," said Monica. "See, all your ground-sheets and blankets are there, and some candles. It doesn't matter which is which, does it? Good-night."

"I am dreadfully tired. I'm going up to the very end," Rafe announced to the others, who were blinking and wandering about. "I wish I had known we were to sleep here; I'd rather like to have explored it a bit. Hope it's dry," he added. He lit the candles and, dragging his bedding, went off into a far cavity.

CHAPTER 22

A Surprise for Rafe

BUT Rafe was really too tired to care much whether the cave were damp or not. He spread out his ground-sheet, cuddled down into his blankets, and was just getting comfortable when the thought struck him that, as leader of the party, he ought to go to the cottage and have a talk with the Hermit.

"I must talk to him," he said to himself, "and explain about bagging his cooking-pot. He can tell me so much about this island that I ought to know. Yes, this is the time to catch the elusive pimpernel! I shall have to go." But, being warm and very sleepy, he sighed deeply. It was a good ten minutes' walk, and he felt he ought not to rouse the others.

He got up, yawned, stretched himself, and took a turn round the winding cave. A flood of moonlight showed him Teddy lying before him, quite innocent of any clothing or even a blanket.

"Hist! Why do you sleep like that, Edward? You'll get cold!"

"I want to get cold," said the would-be doctor, sitting up. "Oh, I wasn't asleep. If I'm going to be a doctor it's absolutely essential for me to practise cures on myself. Don't you remember how Simpson tried chloroform on himself first? Well, I'm going to try a cold cure on myself; Alastair told me all about it. But where are you going?"

"To the Hermit's cottage, to snare him in bed."

"Can I come?" said another voice, and up popped Hilary's close-cropped head, so like his twin's save that his hair was not so fair.

"You can come as my body-guard, but you mustn't, whatever you do, interfere."

Hilary nodded consent. The twins tiptoed past the sleeping John and Alastair and went out of the cave. It was a glorious scene of sea and rock and moon-blanching sand. The gulls were wheeling and crying.

"I never knew gulls were so tiresome at night," said Hilary. "They seem to go to sleep on that rock yonder, and just as you're getting drowsy yourself one starts screaming and flying. It rouses all its friends, and they wheel round and round with it for a bit. Then there's silence; and then it all begins again."

"Hullo, what's that?" interrupted Rafe sharply. They were within a short distance of the waves, and he saw in the brilliant moonlight that a bird was being swept up in the long wash of the wave.

"It's drowning," said Rafe. "To the rescue!" and he stepped into the water and, bending down,

gently grasped the drowning bird. He laid it carefully on a flat rock. It seemed dazed, but it flapped its wings a little.

"I do hope it will be here when we get back," said Rafe. "I wish I could stay with it and make friends with it when it comes round. It's a lovely one. Look! It's a lesser black-backed gull, as far as I can see; a young one. Come on now," he added. "Get along this edge of rock. Don't be an ass and fall in, whatever you do. I can't think what made Monica choose this cave for us."

Hanging on tightly, they scrambled along the ledge, and were again on smooth beach. The stars shone kindly down on them; the sands were white in the moonlight.

"Suppose the old gentleman fires a pistol at us," said Hilary, as they went up the bank that led to the fairy loch.

"Suppose he does," said Rafe, clenching his hands; "let him!"

"I can't think why you want to see him," was the fretful remark of Hilary, who was feeling a little frightened now and sleeper than ever—the bushes cast such huge shadows. "Where's Luath?" he suddenly said. "He ought to have come with us."

"I think John's got him for the night," said Rafe, frowning. "I forgot all about him; he hasn't had any supper."

"I saw John give him some potatoes," said Hilary. "John doesn't forget him as you do."

"I only forgot because there seems so much thinking to do," said poor Rafe. "What with one thing and another I've felt quite stupid today, ever since that chap asked me to sail away with him."

"The Viking? I'm sure his name was Erik with a K."

"We shall never see him again," said Rafe firmly, and strode up past the loch.

On the Fairy Isle the flag was floating gallantly. Rafe saluted it. Whoever had dropped it for them had done absolutely the right thing. How could you be frightened of such a potty adventure as calling on a hermit by moonlight when your country's flag was near you, bearing witness that Britons never would be slaves—neither to enemies nor to stray fears!

Rafe did not quite know why he was very nearly afraid just then; Alastair was comfortably asleep; it was not as if the Keeper of the Legends had been near by, whispering of spirits. But the island had now turned to silver and shadow, and every tree was shaped like a goblin.

The twins hurried along. It seemed as if they would never arrive, as if the Hermit's cottage, with its tumbledown roof and its ramshackle attic with the one-stringed harp, had vanished. But they came to it at last, and found to their dismay that they did not care about looking through the window to see the Hermit in bed. They edged past the casement without looking in, and stood in front of the door which hung crazily from one hinge. It was pushed to. They listened.

From inside there came a distinct movement. Rafe clutched Hilary's arm.

They listened once more. Again that heavy movement. Rafe tapped.

The moonlight glistened on a long branch of a tall elder bush growing near by. The branch swayed in the wind and touched Hilary's head, and he leaped back as if he had been stung.

There was no answer to the knock. They gazed at one another. Again came a rustling from within.

"Look through the window," breathed Hilary.

Rafe shook his head. But he put his hand on the latch and thrust the door open.

The next thing he knew was that some creature, he knew not what, rushed at him, and he received a violent blow which landed him on his back.

Tales Before Bedtime.

The Circus

PETER was going to the circus, and Peter's sister Joan was to go with him.

"I love circuses, don't you?" said Peter, and Joan agreed with him.

"And may we have some sweets to eat, please?" was Peter's next question.

"Uncle Jim has sent a big box," said their mother. "I think you might put a packet in your pocket."

"Lovely!" cried Peter.

He filled both his pockets, putting a full bag in each, and Joan carried another in her hand, and together they started.

It was a wonderful entertainment. Peter was sure there had never been such a wonderful circus before, and probably he was right.

The elephants were fine: one looked such a knowing old fellow. He was a big elephant, much bigger than any of the others. Peter and Joan were told his name was Jimmie, and that he was very fond of sweets.

"If you happen to have any sweets about you he'll sniff them out, you may be sure of that," said one of the attendants, and Peter put his hands quickly to his pockets.

But Jimmie was sniffing round Joan, and had already discovered the bag of sweets in her hand. He shook his trunk, and then quietly took the bag from her and put it straight into his mouth!

"Oh," cried Joan. "He's eaten all my sweets!"

"You can have half mine," said Peter generously, and drew



Jimmie was very fond of sweets

out a bag from his pocket, quite forgetting that the elephant was watching them.

Master Jimmie did not see why he shouldn't have another bag of sweets, and so before Joan had had time to take the bag from her brother the elephant had taken it, and had put that into his mouth too!

"You are not going to have the last one," cried Peter, moving away quickly. "Come along, Joan, let's see the lions!"

But the elephant followed them, and, before his attendant could do anything, he had put his trunk into Peter's pocket and had taken the last bag out. In a moment it had disappeared like the others!

A Wonderful Christmas Number!



This jolly number of LITTLE FOLKS is specially enlarged, and is packed with Christmas features including a long complete story entitled "The Mysterious Schoolgirl"

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TO BE CONTINUED



THE BRAN TUB

Changed Letters

I AM a word of four letters meaning the exchange of money for goods; change my first, and I am a strong wind; change my second, and I am under your foot; change my third, and I have great wisdom; change my last, and I am a soluble mineral.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Brindled Gnu

The Brindled Gnu is a strange, ungainly-looking creature belonging to the Antelope family. Its tail is long and thickly-haired, and its horns, which have a span of about two feet, curve outward and downward, and then bend upward near the tip. It is found in East Africa, the animals roaming about in some districts in large herds.

Who Am I?

My first is in copper but not in gold,
My second's in winter but not in cold,
My third is in cotton but not in wool,
My fourth is in empty but not in full,
My fifth is in country but not in town,
My sixth is in dimple but not in frown,
My seventh's in bran tub but not in dip,
My eighth is in chastise but not in whip,
My ninth is in skipping but not in caper,
My picture appears on a page of this paper.

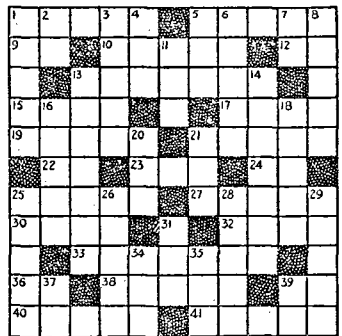
Answer next week

Do You Live at Hardwick?

THERE are said to be 26 places with this name in England, and the meaning is the wick, or dwelling, of the herd or shepherd. The site of the town or village was therefore once the place where a shepherd had his cottage or hut.

Cross Word Puzzle

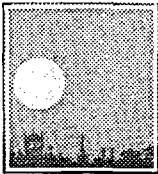
THERE are 47 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below, and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. A demand. 5. Appellations. 9. Compass point (abbrev.). 10. One of five. 12. An elected representative (abbrev.). 13. Birds of the ocean. 15. Accessible. 17. A precious stone. 19. Cradles of the birds. 21. To dilate. 22. Preposition. 23. Leguminous plant. 24. An incorporated body (abbrev.). 25. A portion of an opera. 27. Sufferings. 30. In this place. 32. To pretend. 33. Chooses. 36. You and me. 38. A camp cauldron. 39. Gold. 40. Torment. 41. Tendency.

Reading Down. 1. Cultivated plant of the lily family. 2. Royal Engineers (abbrev.). 3. Happening. 4. Decay. 5. A term placed before a married lady's maiden name. 6. Permit. 7. A printer's measure. 8. A charm. 11. Distorted. 13. Annoys. 14. Groups of animals. 16. The Locarno spirit. 18. Unaccompanied. 20. A mineral spring. 21. The fluid which circulates in plants. 25. To utter a loud cry. 26. Wants. 28. A star-like flower. 29. A sharp, quick pain. 31. To irritate. 34. To recline. 35. Criminal Investigation Department (abbrev.). 37. Compass point (abbrev.). 39. Preposition.

Next Week's Nature Calendar
SKYLARKS are now collecting in flocks; the last pipistrelle bats are seen on the wing before retiring for the winter; trees that shed their leaves in winter are everywhere quite stripped; the Christmas rose is now beginning to flower.



Looking South
7.0 p.m., Dec. 8

How Bessemer Steel Got Its Name
BESSEMER steel is made by the process invented by Sir Henry Bessemer in 1856. The process consists of blowing a blast of air at great pressure through pig-iron while it is in a molten condition, thereby oxidising, or burning up, all the carbon and then introducing the exact quantity of carbon into the metal to turn it into steel.

A Riddle in Rhyme

FORMED long, yet made today,
And most employed when others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
And fewer still to keep. Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français

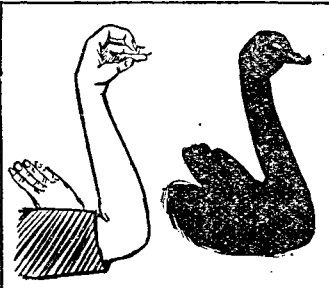


Le champ Le doigt La clôture
Les moutons paissent dans le champ.
Le premier doigt s'appelle l'index.
Le champ est entouré d'une clôture.

Christmas Cards

It was only as far back as 1844 that the first real Christmas card was used, so that the sending of these cards is a comparatively modern innovation. A man, whose name is not known, drew on a small piece of thin cardboard a picture of a family group toasting absent friends, and posted it to one of his friends as a sign of goodwill. Since that time the custom has grown, until now almost everyone sends off many Christmas cards every year. Countless millions of them will pass through the post this month.

Shadow Pictures on the Wall

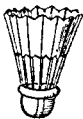


HERE we see how to make a shadow picture of a swan on the wall.

Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Featherless Shuttlecock. Here is a new type of shuttlecock which should stand rougher usage than the old type having a feather vane. The vane in this case is made of a fabric which has been stiffened with glue or some other material, extra support being given to the vane by a series of creases. The part of the shuttlecock closest to the head, which is weighted with a metal plug, is left open.



Animal Nutcrackers. At first sight these useful crumblers appear to be just model animals, but on looking at them closer they are seen to be nut-crackers. The movable portion forming the lever is let into the body of the animal, the fulcrum being close to the jaw. The nut is placed in the animal's mouth, and is cracked by gripping the hind legs and exerting a downward pressure on the tail.



Jacko Has a Day Out

JACKO had been such a nuisance ever since he had got out of bed that morning that after breakfast his mother gave him sixpence for his lunch, and told him not to let her set eyes on him again till tea-time. Jacko eyed the sixpence with disgust, pocketed the money, and disappeared.

He had only got as far as the High Street when he ran into a little crowd of boys. They looked as if they were going out for the day, they were so clean and they looked so happy. They were quite obviously waiting for the bus.

But the bus came and went; and the boys still stood at the corner waiting. When a second bus came and went they began to look anxious.

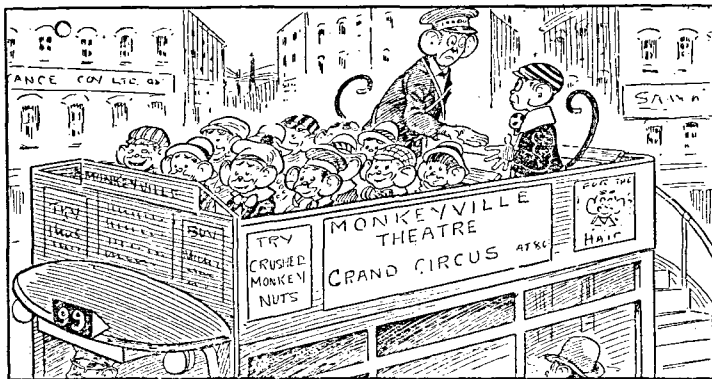
"Poor little chaps!" thought Jacko. "They're waiting for their teacher, and the beggar has forgotten all about 'em."

He said this to a bright boy, with a bright, shining face.

"Why don't you go on by yourselves?" Jacko asked him. "Get on a bus and run round and see the sights?"

"No money," said the bright boy.

"You leave that to me," said Jacko; and as another bus came to a stop just in front of them he leaped on and signalled



"Fares, please!" shouted the conductor

to the boys to follow him. They were after him like flies. The bus bell tinkled and they were off.

"Fares, please!" shouted the conductor, racing up the steps.

Jacko was absent-mindedly studying the landscape.

"Fares, please!" said the conductor again. And as all the boys were staring at Jacko he said: "Now then, my lad, don't keep me waiting. Are you going to pay?"

"There's no hurry," said Jacko. "We're going all the way and back! I'm taking these boys for a little outing."

"Oh, are you?" sniffed the conductor. "And who's going to pay the fares?"

"Their teacher," replied Jacko.

"And who might he be?" inquired the conductor. "There's nobody else in the bus but an old fellow asleep in the corner."

"Ah!" said Jacko. "Don't disturb him! Don't disturb him!"

The conductor apparently decided to take Jacko's advice. At any rate, he didn't come back till they were nearly home again.

Then, all of a sudden, there was a fearful commotion. The conductor came upstairs three steps at a time. "What do you mean by it, you young rascal?" he shouted, shaking his fist at Jacko. "The gentleman downstairs knows nothing about you. You pay up or I'll call the police."

"Don't worry!" said Jacko calmly. "You'll get your fares. We're going to be met at the other end!"

And so they were! They were all there: teachers and mothers and half the town in sympathy with them.

Jacko thought it best to leave the boys to explain.

Proverbs About Hunger

HUNGER is the best sauce.
A hungry horse maketh a clean manger.
Hunger maketh hard beans soft.
A hungry man is an angry man.
Hunger fetches the wolf out of the woods.
All things require skill but an appetite.

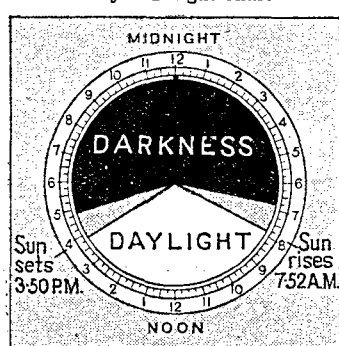
A Word-Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

The act of selling. A continent. Covers. Not causing much exertion.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Very Private

HOSPITAL Nurse (to patient who cannot read): Are you sure you want me to read this letter to you? It looks very private.

Patient: Yes, please, Nurse; but you might put some of that cotton-wool in your ears before you begin, so that you don't hear what you read!

Winter Wisdom



POOR Snorum had a horrid cold which made his throat quite sore. While Snip in bed on chilly nights would shiver more and more; But Snap took care to wrap a scarf around his tender throttle, And with some pence he'd saved he bought a nice hot-water bottle!

He Let Him Stay

RAILWAY Porter (eyeing a big bulldog in a third-class carriage): Dogs not allowed in the carriages, sir! Farmer (cheerily): What! Not a little toy terrier? Well, then do your duty, my man, and turn him out!

Touring the Wild West

AUTHOR: What is the audience shouting for?
Stage Manager: They're calling for the author.
Author: Then hadn't I better go before the curtain?
Stage Manager: Better not! They've got out their revolvers!

Too Successful

I HEAR your daughters have taken to music. I hope they've been successful.
Oh, yes, quite, thank you. The tenants on both sides have moved elsewhere!

An Economical Irishman

Do you say that if I take this stove I shall save half the fuel? Then I'll take two of them and save it all!

A Real Compliment

JENKINS had just come into a fortune, and his friends were giving him good advice. "Don't forget, my dear fellow," said one, "that a fool and his money are soon parted."
"Oh, but I'm sure," said another, "that Jenkins is going to be the exception that proves the rule!"
And Jenkins felt he had been paid a real compliment!

Very Original!

WE'VE just had our house papered and painted inside and out. Indeed? And what sort of paper did you have put outside?

A Catch Question

WHAT English word of seven letters has just eight left after taking two away? Freight.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Word Square

FROM
ROPE
OPEN
MEND

A Jig-Saw Ball



Town in a Maze

Gibraltar.

A Picture Puzzle

clAMP, poUND, liDS, kENnel—Amundsen.

Changeling

Gold, bold, bond, bind, kind, king, ring.

Can You Find Me? The letter S.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 3, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

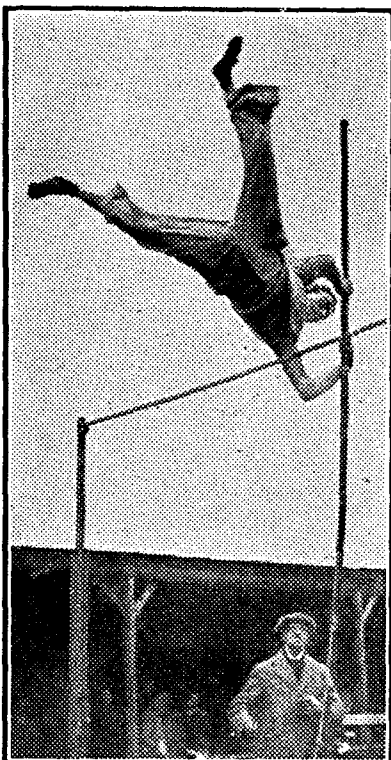
THE WINTER'S FIRST SKATERS • A GIANT MAGNET • THE WHEEL OF EGGS



Hungry Visitors to Blackpool—When the weather is bad seagulls find it very difficult to catch fish, so at Blackpool hundreds of them are fed each morning, as we see in this picture.



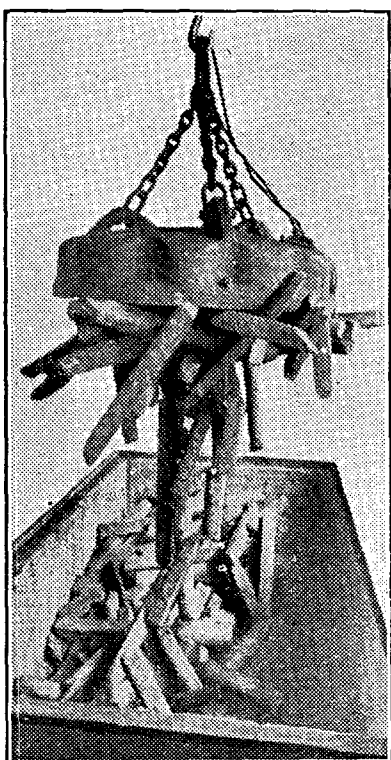
Winter's First Skating—After the recent spell of cold weather skating was possible in some parts of the North. Here we see some boys enjoying themselves on the ice in Cheshire.



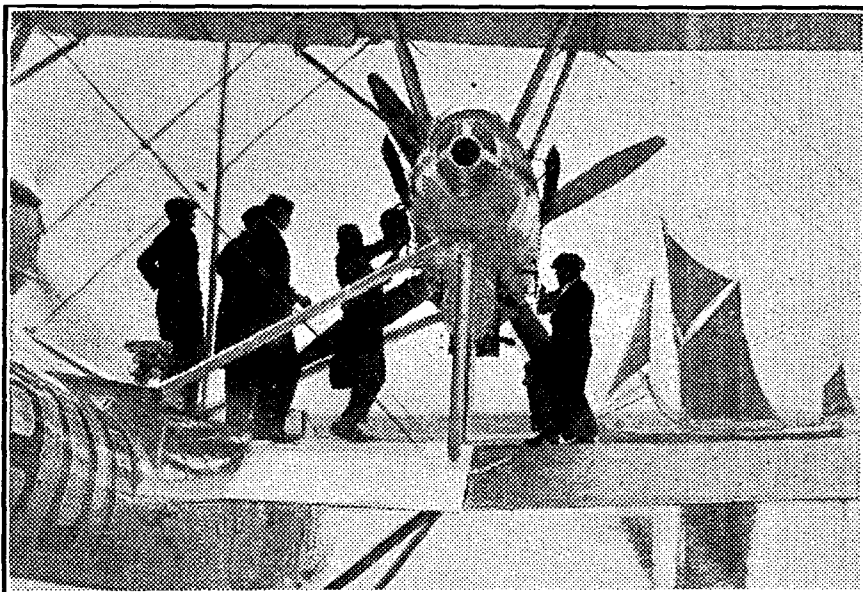
Well Over—This picture from Oxford shows an athlete making a splendid pole jump. He had not even changed his clothes.



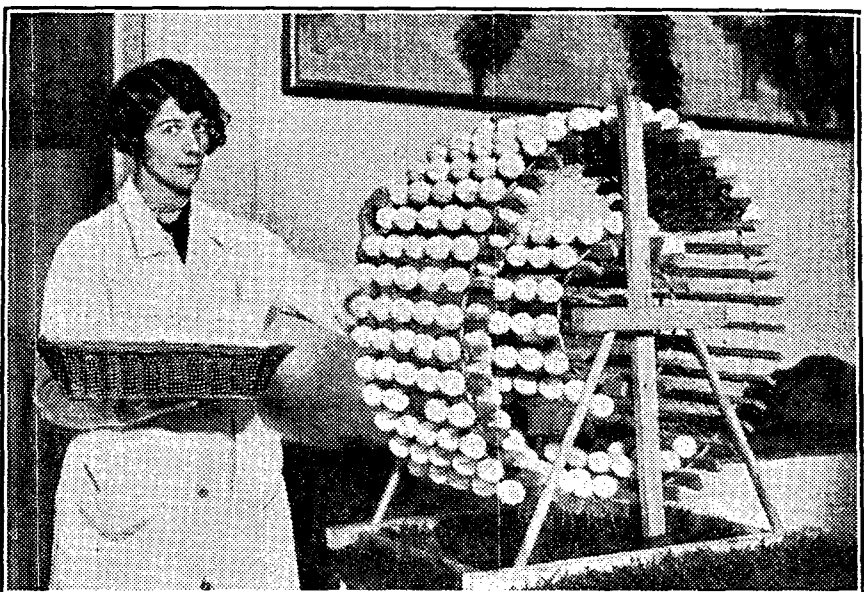
Jugfuls of Mischief—These two tabby kittens made a pretty picture when the photographer placed them in milk jugs. Although they are usually so restless and energetic, the kittens were so surprised at finding themselves in the milk jugs that they did not attempt to jump out.



New Use for a Magnet—This giant magnet is to be used to salvage a cargo of iron from a steamer stranded in the Firth of Forth.



Flying Round Africa—Sir Alan Cobham, the famous airman, has started on a 20,000-mile flight round Africa. He is accompanied by Lady Cobham, who will act as cook, and a crew of four men. Mechanics are here seen tuning up one of the engines of the big flying-boat.



A Wheel of Eggs—At the recent Cookery Exhibition in London this device for keeping Australian eggs fresh was seen. It is a revolving frame with wire clips to hold several hundred eggs, and by turning it round daily the eggs are kept in good condition for quite a long time.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CONSOLATIONS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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